

DREADFUL PLEASURES

\$3.00



SUPER SHOCK SHOW!

SheWolf of the

DREADITORIAL



Welcome to a special double-issue of DREADFUL PLEASURES. The rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated. Readers have been wondering if I blew my head off with an elephant gun or became a Born Again Christian. (It's a toss-up deciding which one would be worse.) Truth is, I've been busy starring in porno films and dating Shannen Doherty. The good news is our sabbatical is over and DREADFUL PLEASURES is back once again to inflict moral insanity on the innocent. Spilling over with movies that scorch the screen and spit in the face of decency. Dedicated fright-freaks will notice our new facelift. A huge debt of gratitude goes out to Pete Apruzzese for doing my layout. His enthusiasm has pushed DP closer to what I always dreamed it should look like.

For the benefit of new readers, DP was started in response to two things. The first being the same old song and dance of today's mainstream films. I'd sooner share a toothbrush with Magic Johnson than pay seven bucks to watch swill like MRS. DOUBTFIRE or MAVERICK. Sorry, but I have no desire to "Go Gump!". It makes me giddy with delight that if my parents took a random video off my shelf, popped it in their VCR and watched it, they'd look (as P.J. O'Rourke would say), "As dazed and perplexed as a starved Ethiopian given a piece of waxed fruit."

The most important reason I put out DP is to keep alive the memories of my glory years of movie-going: 42nd Street, grindhouses, drive-ins and the classic cinema of the seventies. We aim to keep those memories alive and festering like a running sore. DP is dedicated to the cinematic equivalent of fast food. Double features, sexploitation, low-rent biker flicks, blood-soaked exploitation, Pam Grier pics, cheap science-fictioners and horror movies.

You may ask yourself, maybe there's some serious social comment as an underlying theme? Nope. If you want a message, call Western Union. These are DRIVE-IN MOVIES. To audiences back then, it didn't matter what was playing as long as the car seats reclined. These are GRINDHOUSE FILMS. Their formula for success? You bet. Remove clothes, shake well.

So hook up that speaker to your window, crack open a can of beer and get ready for a journey into the wild, wild, world of sleaze. Pass the popcorn.

—MIKE ACCOMANDO

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DEDICATED TO STEVE JAMES



GRINDHOUSE BLUES

(part two)



WOMEN FOR SALE

GRINDHOUSE BLUES PART TWO : A SEXUAL TOUR OF TIMES SQUARE

WARNING: THIS ARTICLE HAS BEEN PRINTED IN SIN-ORAMA. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY ITCHING, BURNING, SWELLING OR IRRITATION THAT OCCURS IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING.

New York City. 1977. I'm 16 years old and bouncing from one tavern to another with my older friend Steve. We're on a mission from God. After funneling down several hundred beers, my kidneys feel like they're the size of the Bronx. Telling myself, "Real men can hold their urine" didn't work. Time to hunt down a Men's Room. Steve shows no sympathy, complaining there are still plenty of unexplored saloons left to hit. (Later on, I'll have the last laugh when he will be doing an impression of Udo Kier in WARHOL'S DRACULA, throwing up so hard (and so loudly) that you wouldn't be surprised to see his shoes come out his mouth.).

SHOCKING!



WOOD on West 45th Street. "What's the worst thing that could happen?" I ask, looking for support. "We get knifed..." he says. Inside. The smell of decay. The stink of cigarettes. The place is packed tighter than Janet Reno's ass. The Sylvester's "Boogie Fever" is blaring from the sound system. Seasoned titty-tippers are trying to charm the pantyhose off dancers with crisp dollar bills. I make a beeline for the bathroom. It's worse than I thought. There are no doors on the stalls and the toilet seats are some strange stained color. The whole place smells like a slaughterhouse. A sign on the wall says, "PLEASE DO NOT THROW TOOTHPICKS IN THE TOILET. THE CRABS ARE LEARNING TO POLEVAULT."

Outside, I find Steve chatting with a bored-looking waitress. He's desperate to get something out of this night besides a hangover.

I elbow my way to the bar and order a beer. A dancer with

touch-hungry tits undulates over to me. A bum who resembles Aqualung sits on my

left. There's a chorus of cackles from the crowd as another girl gets up on the bar. My new "friend" has stitched-up scars on his face. Like zippers. He motions over to me and gets real close, as if he's telling me the secret of the universe. He smells like he has a goat under each arm. Pointing to the dancer he says, "She could trap a bear with that pussy."

He winks at me and laughs insanely. This ain't CHEERS...
CHEAP THRILLS

They say that Las Vegas is Disneyland for adults. My vote goes to Times Square. Especially 42nd Street, in particular, that block length of vertical real estate between 7th and 8th avenue. Forty Deuce.

When you're young, getting out of the house is akin to getting out of a cage. When your parents are squawking at you like parrots (in addition to the usual High School woes), you just want to get out and disturb the universe. Sitting around is a major-league sport in most towns. Aside from Shoplifting Nite at Pathmark, there's nothing to do. That's why in the late 70's to the mid 80's, Times Square was like Fantasy Island. The place trapped us. It threw a net over our empty teenage heads. It was like an old J.D.

poster: "YOUTH RUN WILD!!! REASON RUN WILD!!!".

The trip started for us with a short bus ride through the Lincoln Tunnel. (What author Philip Roth calls "Hell with tiled walls"). We were like adventurers in Homer's **THE ODYSSEY**. A



WHAT CHANCE
DOES A GIRL
HAVE AGAINST
MEN WHO ARE...

INDECENT

A Tale
of Passion,
Brutality and
Degradation!

STRICTLY AN ADULT FILM



CINDY USED TO BE A HOOKER!

Now she's carrying a gun
and is going
to do something
about all the people
who treated her
like dirt!

East End Hustle

A Metro-FRANK VIZZI starring ANDREE PFEIFFER, MIGUEL FERNANDEZ, ANNE MARIE FROSTYCH, ALIA ELLIS Movie

R

He was taught to kill.



forced entry

X
COLOR

STARRING
LAURA CANNON PLAYBOYS
PORNO QUEEN

AIRPORT FILM RELEASE

hot dogs and salty pretzels added to the carnival atmosphere. The area was populated by bag ladies, drug peddlers, hookers, drag queens, junkies, vagrants and the homeless. Pimps cruised the Port Authority Bus Terminal preying on teenage runaways from the midwest. (Over 20,000 estimated runaways per year arrived in N.Y.C.). Bums shambled across the street like extras in a George Romero movie. The Times Square billboards raised high up to the heavens. The chatter of vendors and three-card Monte hustlers merged with the streetcorner messiahs who called out, "Repent! The end is near!"

In the late seventies, Times Square offered a parade of flesh. The "Skin Trade" was still in swing. Streetwalkers strolled Eighth Ave. soliciting customers and talking to tricks in cars. The way they were dressed was strictly entrapment. Their skin-tight clothing looked painted on - like barbed wire, it protected the property without obstructing the view. Julia Roberts in PRETTY WOMAN? I would always be approached by the hookers who looked like Squeaky Fromme.

Still, we were at that age where if you spotted a couple of cantaloupes in a supermarket, you'd get a huge and cheerful erection. However, even then, pre-AIDS, you knew that if there was ever any exchange of body fluids, you'd have to run home

quest for sleazy thrills. The darkness of the tunnel gave way to New York City—an insane asylum of steel and stone.

How does one describe Times Square? To us it was pure sensory overload. A sea of peepshows, bookstores, massage parlors, emporiums offering sex toys, videos and magazines. West 42nd St. was hustling and bustling with noise and excitement. Traffic jams, horns honking, shrieking cop car sirens. Neon signs shouting: LIVE NUDE GIRLS! TOPLESS! ADULT BOOKS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! RUBBER GOODS! The smell of

and scour your penis with Janitor-in-a-Drum. (Plus, we were all broke anyway). But it was exciting just chatting with someone who could suck the batteries out of a flashlight. Most of us were used to having our hands pushed away as we went for our girlfriend's soft, fuzzy sweater at the local Drive-in, or on the couch in our parent's basement. But here, it was all laid out like a salad bar. Gals didn't turn their noses up if you eyed their rib melons. They actually encouraged it. Here sexuality wasn't something that was taught to be repressed, to be ashamed of, guilt-driven into your skull. Here, it was unleashed.

No place was it more "unleashed" then in the LIVE SEX SHOWS. If you were brave enough (or stupid, take your pick) you were in for the true definition of sleaze. You're sitting six feet away from some hairy-backed, pock-marked pudster who looks like Michael Jackson's pet monkey "Bubbles", as he pounds some pharmaceutically-fueled starlet's donut. Around you, cunt-crazed, discharged mental patients are yanking on their dicks like rabid wolverines. Finally, the ape pulls out and spackles her chest or gives her a facial with all the emotion of someone filling out a tax form. Welcome to "Performance Art" at its peak. Watching a stoned redhead deep-throating a guy in a gorilla suit isn't the "Playboy lifestyle" you read about in all those mags you swiped from your dad's underwear drawer. This was geared more toward the socially retarded.

It's amazing to think about what went on in the "permissive seventies" in terms of sex shows or orgy dens like Plato's Retreat. Most of the sex palaces that thrived back then are long gone today. Fixtures like Peepland and the Melody Burlesk have long since been forced to shut their doors by Mayor Ed Koch and his hit squad of so-called "developers".

All except for one legendary pleasure zone - SHOW WORLD. Show World opened up its doors in 1974 (in the prime location of 42nd and 8th.). The place was (and still is) a shopping mall for sex. I think herpes originated there. Different floors offered

SEX CURES THE CRAZY

IN COLOR
ADULTS ONLY

different attractions. Patrons had a chance to watch Adult Cinema's finest fur in gynecological action. Headliners like Vanessa del Rio, Seka, Jennifer Welles and Sharon Mitchell all appeared, grinding to disco sounds, slowly removing pieces of clothing like wrapping paper, as sweaty crowds broke out into thunderous applause. Peep booths were Show World's biggest lures. Pork pullers entered a crusty booth and dropped a quarter in a slot, which raised a metal curtain. A sheet of glass separated you from a naked woman on a rotating stage. For more money you could pick up a phone and fill their ears with filthy talk (or vice versa). A quarter gave you half a minute. You had to keep jabbing coins in or the curtain came down like a guillotine.

THE DAWN OF PORN

The first stag movie can be traced back to 1896. Thanks to the VCR (which carried it into the homes of the masses), pornography has metamorphosed into a billion-dollar business. But before the market exploded there were "loops". A loop is a short length of movie film in which the start and finish ends have been sealed together to form a continuous oval or loop. This avoids rewinding and they can play over and over. Loops were used in movie machines in arcades. For a mere 25¢ one could put one's eyes to the peepholes and witness all sorts of perversions. John Holmes appeared in a lot of the early loops. The most infamous ones were the animal sex loops from Germany featuring men and women having a grand old time with horses, chickens, pigs, (gulp) even eels. The Linda Lovelace/dog footage also unspooled for years. Another thoroughly nauseous loop was THE ANAL DWARF which starred FANTASY ISLAND'S Herve Villechaize.

The period from 1973 to 1983 can be labeled THE GOLDEN AGE OF HARDCORE. Most of the skin flicks produced during this time frame weren't the cheapshit video productions that are mass-produced today. Many were shot on 35MM film, had plots and decent production values. Some were also nasty enough to make the Marquis de Sade gag. They leaned towards satisfying a wide range of sexual mores. Bondage, S/M and rape fantasies were a common element. Some shocking and brutally kinky smut pics which wouldn't have a snowball's chance in Hell of being released today include: A DIRTY WESTERN (75), DEFIANCE (75), WATERPOWER (75), THE STORY OF JOANNA (76), VICTIMS OF LOVE (76), THE TAKING OF CHRISTINA (75), WET WILDERNESS (76), FEMMES DE SADE (76), RAPE VICTIMS (77), LOVE GESTAPO STYLE (77),

EXPENSIVE TASTES (78) and SMALL TOWN GIRLS (81).

The sheer number of Times Square adult theatres (circa 1975-1979) was bewildering. There was The Globe, The Venus, Cameo, The Rialto I and II, The Capri, Avon 42, The Circus Cinema, Cine Lido, The Victory, The Love, The Pix, The Melody, The Pussycat, The Orleans, The World, Avon Hudson and The Harem.

Most of these moviehouses have since been boarded-up or torn down in the name of "urban renewal". I guess video would go on to render them obsolete anyway.

Well, the journey's over. Time to haul ass back to the Port Authority Bus Terminal. (Terminal. Good choice of words, especially if you wander into the wrong areas.). I think Times Square was fascinating to us as teenagers because it was so remote from the dull reality we woke up to every morning. It offered the forbidden allure of S-E-X. I'm glad I had a chance to experience it. But I'm out of quarters and it's time for the metal curtain to come down...for good.



LAST CALL-- DP'S TOP TEN POINTS OF INEBRIATION

- 1--You can't speak your native language.
- 2--You have this urge to run out and get tattooed.
- 3--The wine next to you, who's been gibbering to himself for an hour, is starting to make perfect sense.
- 4--You're starting to relish the thought of later eating White Castle hamburgers.
- 5--You're moved to tears over how much you love your friends.
- 6--You hate your friends and start swinging at their heads.
- 7--Old lovers, who you haven't seen in years, instantly pop into your head.
- 8--You've lost all sense of reality and have stopped looking at your watch.
- 9--The gal planted on a bar stool across from you, whose looks would gag a cat, isn't as hideous as you thought she was. Actually, she's the most beautiful creature you've ever seen!
- 10--Your idea of culture is dark beer.

→ LAST 3 DAYS ←

LIVE!
1st TIME ANY N.Y. STAGE
This is NOT A Movie!

LIVE!
WEIRDEST MOST BIZARRE
ACTS IN AMERICA!

LIVE!
VAMPIRE
GIRLS
CULT
SISTERS
OF
SATAN
Pain Or Pleasure?
Animals Or Humans?

LIVE!
ALL NEW 8 STRANGE
EROTIC ACTS!

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MS. ALL-BARE N.Y.

ONE WEEK ONLY!
GIRLS WANTED!
MEN BRING YOUR GIRLFRIEND
SECRETARY, WIFE OR SISTER TO
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MOST EXCITING LINE CONTEST SHOW!
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Show X
8 AVE
(at 42 & 43 ST)
Continuous Shows

SHOW WORLD'S SPECIAL PERFORMANCE—1 WEEK ONLY!!

LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! POSITIVELY ADULTS ONLY!!

Direct From Today's Headlines

THE UN-CONVENTIONAL CONVENTION!

SEE: LIVE! A

NOW SEE IT LIVE!!!

SEE: LIVE! THE HI

SEE: LIVE! 8 AVE

SEE: LIVE! 8 A

A black and white movie poster for "White Slavery". The poster features a woman with long dark hair, wearing a bikini, looking shocked or distressed. The title "WHITE SLAVERY" is written in large, bold, serif capital letters across the top. Above the title, it says "WORLD PREMIERE" and "JULY 10TH". Below the title, it says "SMASH WEEK". In the bottom right corner, it says "N.Y." in large letters. The poster has a distressed, grainy texture.

EXCLUSIVE N.Y. SHOWING
 MITCHELL, MUS. 5:30, COLOSSAL 7:30

MARION CHAMBERS "BEHIND
 the GREEN DOOR"

SOLEMN COMEDY

DEATH OF A STAR

EVE

LOVE 125 W. 42nd St.
 30-32 8:30 P.M. Cont. 8 A.M.

**Something Bold, Something Blue,
Something Especially For You**



DREADFUL PLEASURES QUIZ

Consider yourself a trash guru? Then guess the films these thrilling and chilling taglines are from. Answers appear on a later page. And remember, to avoid fainting, keep repeating, it's only a quiz...only a quiz...only a quiz...only a quiz.

- 1 - "Cleaver, cleaver, chop, chop. First the Mom and then the Pop. Then we'll get the pretty girl, we'll get her right between the curl."
- 2 - "You will actually see a man turned inside out!"
- 3 - "It's a new kind of panty raid. They steal panties with the girls still in them!"
- 4 - "Blood. The more she drinks, the prettier she gets. The prettier she gets, the thirstier she gets..."
- 5 - "The Ben-Hur of exploitation movies!"
- 6 - "More fun than a barrel of mummies!"
- 7 - "He lost the face of the woman he loved...so he gave it to someone else."
- 8 - "Warning: in this movie YOU are the victim."
- 9 - "He makes love in 47 languages! He's a karate champion, brain surgeon, swordsman and nuclear physicist...He's the top master spy of all time, with his cigarette lighter containing 82 death-dealing devices, his 2 man-eating dogs, his 4 luscious playmates and his lovenest built for 5..."
- 10 - "Bring your cat with you and get one free ticket!"



SON OF DREADFUL PLEASURES QUIZ - Still breathing? Then try these dreadful quotes...

- 11 - "My skullplate is fine, Mother."
- 12 - "Don't worry. She's only in a coma."
- 13 - "Have you ever talked to a corpse? It's boring!"
- 14 - "Do you smell what's upstairs? Grandma must have shit all over her bed before she left."
- 15 - "Senator, I'm sure my son has a very good reason for paralyzing the country."
- 16 - "My taste buds got wiped out in the crash of '97."
- 17 - "Can you imagine the look on his face when he finds out his balls are gone?"
- 18 - "I think my telephone wants to kill me."
- 19 - "Your Happy Pills have out-sold Marijuana all over the world! Ha! Ha!"
- 20 - "Fuck me, Hamlet!"
- 21 - "Gamera doesn't mean to step on people. He's just lonely."
- 22 - "You can't harm me with violence!"
- 23 - "It is better to die a broken piece of Jade, then live a life of clay."
- 24 - "I'll be no man's slave and no man's whore!"
- 25 - "Every bone in his body must be broken. But I'm not sure that's what killed him."
- 26 - "Do you realize that with 7 shows a week and two on Friday and Saturday, I'll be biting the heads off 9 snakes a week?"
- 27 - "Why don't you girls knock off all this Gestapo stuff and try to be friendly."



42ND STREET REVIEWS

THE SINFUL DWARF (72) - Directed by Vidal Raski. Starring Anne Sparrow, Tony Eades, Clara Keller and Torben the Dwarf.

How can any DP reader resist a film with that title?!? The tagline alone, "A young bride...left alone to the lewd passions of an evil dwarf." is enough to rocket it into the DREADFUL PLEASURES Hall of Shame.

Rumors aside, this isn't the life story of FEMME FATALES editor Bill George. (But close). **THE SINFUL DWARF** more than lives up to its creative ad campaign. It's a sleaze feast, which Harlan Ellison would label, "a drooling idiot of a film." Down on their luck newlyweds, Mary and Peter, rent a room in a creepy house run by liquor-swilling landlady Lila Lash and her deformed son—a three foot grinning, retarded dwarf named Olaf.

While her husband is out job-hunting, Mary begins hearing strange sounds coming from the attic. To her horror she discovers that inside lies a "secret room" where the dwarf keeps chained-up, naked women he has abducted. The women are injected with heroin and raped by both the midget and seedy men who pay to abuse them. Of course, Mary is slated as the pint-sized pervert's next plaything.

A YOUNG BRIDE...LEFT ALONE TO THE LEWD PASSIONS OF AN EVIL DWARF

HARRY NOVAK PRESENTS ABDUCTED BRIDE

HER UNWILLING YOUNG BODY
FLAMING INTO A CRAZED,
UNCONTROLLABLE PASSION

A VALIANT INTERNATIONAL PICTURE IN COLOR

Brimming with extended interludes of voyeurism and graphic sex, **THE SINFUL DWARF** (aka: **THE ABDUCTED BRIDE**) is so gleefully depraved that it's fascinating to watch. Particularly a scene in which Mrs. Lash (who used to be in show business) dresses up like Carmen Miranda (with fruit salad on her head) and sings a song called "The Choo-Choo Bamba" to the accompaniment of the slobbering troll on piano. The fact that the scene is intercut with faceless men raping the drugged-out captives leads the flick into bizarre heights of disbelief.

Despite a limited budget, suspense is well-generated and all the performances are good. But be warned—you'll want to bone down after this one.

CAGED WOMEN (84) - Directed by Vincent Dawn (Bruno Mattei). Starring Laura Gemser, Gabrielle Tinti and Lorraine de Selle. Vestron Video.

"Emmanuelle, a young journalist reporting on stories of mistreatment in a women's prison, poses as a prostitute and is thrown in and has to fight for her life." - Video Box.

Ah, nothing like a good "period piece". Women's prison pics are wonderful because you can relax, kick those shoes off and check your brain at the door. You can have the brain of an onion (watch it, smartass) and still follow the plot to any women-in-prison flick. **CAGED WOMEN** offers the added attraction of starring one of the greatest comedy teams of all time: Abbott and Costello? Laurel and Hardy? Nope—Gemser and Tinti. When these crazy kids team up for a film, big laughs are promised!

CAGED WOMEN is an Italian production, which means you're going to see a lot of hairy armpits, legs, and backs. (And that includes the men too). Gemser, who gets her breasts massaged in every movie she's ever appeared in, contributes her usual deadpan expression. She usually acts like she just drained a bottle of Robitussin.

The film is a re-working of every W.I.P. pic ever made. There's the standard befoulement, a frolic or two in the shower, cardboard characters and Lorraine de Selle (**MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY**) as the stinking hag of a warden. Observing the new arrivals she says, "Another collection of Madonna lilies to plant in our garden. Pity they have to grow in dung and filth." Rugged Tinti is the doctor, an ex-prisoner with a heart of gold who has to pull a second shift as the horny warden's hired schlong. The guards wield rubber nightsticks that bend when they crack somebody. The riot scenes resemble those "aggression therapy" sessions psychologists use where married couples pelt each other with foam bats.

Gemser throws a bucket of shit on a guard and gets tossed into solitary where rats nest in her hair. The pic zips along with her identity discovered. They stick her in this huge bell (!) and bang on it. The women revolt and Gemser and Tinti escape, then get caught.

Things look bleak. But WAIT! They are saved because Tinti's letter got through in time. Yup, a happy ending. If you're awake for the credits, you'll read this classic: Drapes: Bruno Schiavi.

ALL NEW

Notice: Due to the subject matter and explicit presentation of this motion picture, only mature adults should attend.

CAGED WOMEN

MOTION PICTURE MARKETING
Presents "CAGED WOMEN"
Starring LAURA GEMSER • GABRIELE TINTI • JACK STANY
Directed by VINCENT DAWN • Edited by BRUNO MATTEI
Prints by GETTY FILM LABORATORIES
An MPM Release © 1984



SPERMULA (1976)
by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

Would you refuse a little fellatio by a gorgeous babe who was more than willing...even if she was a diabolical alien fueling up on the special sauce she craves to stay alive and take over the planet? Yeah, I know, let the next guy worry about it. Well, it's just that kind of reckless attitude that almost leads to total global domination when a squadron of outer-space femme fatales literally blow into town, or should I say, blow their way through the local townsmen in Bernard Leteric's *SPERMULA* (1976).

This bizarre French oddity is the soft-core/horror combo midway point between *DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS* (1971) and *THE HUNGER* (1983). Similar to these equally orally-fixated features, *SPERMULA* relies heavily upon building almost suffocating atmosphere by using outrageous Art Deco settings, a hypnotic musical score and costumes from the pages of *Paris Vogue*. But unlike them, it goes much further in the skin department. Some of the succulent bonbons to be sampled here are scenes which include a gyrating, topless singer having a flailing cat thrown at her; a clergymen being happily molested in a swimming pool; and a newlywed bride diddling herself on a bedpost. Believe me, you will be using your freeze-frame button for this flick!

This, of course, is not to ignore the genuine acting talents displayed such as those of cult-fave Udo Kier (ANDY WARHOL'S *FRANKENSTEIN*—1973, *THE STORY OF O*—1975 and *SUSPIRIA*—1977) who ends up dead in an upside down Peugeot at the bottom of the previously mentioned swimming pool. Or, the lovely Dayle Haddon, who, as the head of the exotically evil intruders, undermines the mission by falling in love with an earthman. Both successful fashion model and actress, the stunning, Montreal-born Haddon had already appeared in Disney's *THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE* (1973) by this time and would continue her career in many more European and U.S. films such as *NORTH DALLAS FORTY* (1979), *LOVE SONGS* (1986) and *CYBORG* (1986). Notice should also be given to *SPERMULA*'s other fine, but lesser known cast, for amongst them one actress, in a highly memorable scene, proves that it is possible to give a credible performance and even speak lines while being buggered.

Lastly, it doesn't much matter that the only currently available prints of this film are in French. There really isn't much dialogue anyway since, fortunately, Earth as well as alien proper etiquette dictate not to speak with a full mouth...

BRUCE LEE AND KUNG-FU MANIA (93) -
Compiled by Sandy Oliveri.
Available from Goodtimes Home Video.

Here's a sell-thru compilation tape that delivers the kicks. Literally. Bruce Lee's career is documented with clips from all his films as well as rare, behind-the-scenes footage from *ENTER THE DRAGON*. We also get to watch Lee in action as Kato on *THE GREEN HORNET* TV show. But that's not all. Yes, grasshopper, in addition you also get over 30 skull-busting trailers. Over 85 minutes of classic 42nd Street grind-



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Kung Fu—
Karate at its
deadliest.



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BROTHER CHARLES

STARRING
MARLO MONTE
WITH REATHA GREY
STAN KAMBER

1



R IN METROCOLOR
A CROWN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES RELEASE

THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF FLYING FISTS!

2

KUNG-FU MAMA
in COLOR

PRODUCED BY
ASIAN CHIN-CHU
ETU LANE KUNG-FU
PRODUCTIONS
CROWN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES RELEASE

COLOR

POLICEWOMEN

COLD STEEL
ON THE OUTSIDE
... ALL WOMAN
ON THE INSIDE!

PRODUCED BY
SANDRA CAMPBELL
CROWN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES
DIRECTED BY
LEE FROST & WES BISHOP
WRITTEN BY
WES BISHOP & MARILYN J. TENDER
PRODUCED BY
SANDRA CAMPBELL
A CROWN PRODUCTION
CROWN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

3



© 1977 CROWN

Ray
Milland
and
"Rosy"
Grier

**The
TONG with
2 HEADS**

An American International Picture
A Gary Freeman © 1977

ers, Shaw Brothers productions and the lightning feet of stars like Bruce Li, Ti Lung, Angela Mao, David Chiang and Ron Van Cleef. Take a gander at some of the lineup: DUEL OF THE IRON FIST ("Daggers slicing flesh with catlike speed!"); DEEP THRUST ("Lady whirlwind, mistress of the death blow!"); 10 TIGERS OF KWANG TUNG ("No mercy asked, none given!"); THE TATTOO CONNECTION ("Starring the black Superman of the Martial Arts, Jim Kelly. He's James Bond and Bruce Lee rolled into one cool package of dynamite!"); 5 MASTERS OF DEATH (featuring "the whipping triple-jointed stick!" and "the piecing pole!"); THE FLYING GUILLOTINE; THE SAVAGE FIVE; and my favorite, THE FOUR INVINCIBLES ("Four cripples on a mission of revenge!").

BRUCE LEE AND KUNG-FU MANIA is recorded in the EP mode with picture quality a bit grainy. But at a measly \$9.95 how can you sleep at night without having this marathon of bare-fisted fury in your collection?

POLICEWOMEN (74) - Directed by Lee Frost. Starring Sondra Currie, Tony Young, Jeanie Bell, Laurie Rose and William Smith. VCI Video.

Lee Frost is the Rodney Dangerfield of exploitation. He gets no respect. While cult status is forever bestowed upon the likes of H.G. Lewis, Ted V. Mikels and Al Adamson, Frost is trashdom's forgotten man.

While publications are continually gushing over "incredibly strange" films, Frost has quietly dished up an amazing career in exploitation. He was aided by two legendary producers, Bob Cresse and the late Wes Bishop. After completing THE DEFILERS for Dave Friedman, Frost and Cresse collaborated on a barrage of sexploitation pics such as HOLLYWOOD WORLD OF FLESH, THE CASTING DIRECTOR, THE GRABBERS, THE POKER GAME, THE ANIMAL, LOVE CAMP 7, THE PICK-UP, HOT SPUR, THE SCAVENGERS and THE COMING OF SEYMOUR (aka: THE BOOB TUBE STRIKES AGAIN). Frost also shot inserts for Olympic International pickups like MONDO FREUDO, MONDO BIZARRO and WITCHCRAFT '70.

One could use buzz words like "depraved" and "filthy" to describe the films of Frost and Cresse. If their screenplays were recipes, the major ingredients would be blood and violent sex. In the seventies, Frost joined up with producer, co-writer and actor Wes Bishop for



HE MADE HER AN
ANIMAL... NOW
ALL HE NEEDED
WAS A LEASH

**THE
ANIMAL**

there
could be
nothing
lower

hellbent releases like **CHAIN GANG WOMEN**, **CHROME AND HOT LEATHER**, **THE THING WITH TWO HEADS**, **THE BLACK GESTAPO** and **DIXIE DYNAMITE**.

POLICEWOMEN (also on video as **THE INSIDERS**) was released in 1974 by Crown International. It opens with a herd of jail-broads bursting out of a police station. Despite tear gas, grenades and gunfire, B-vets Laurie Rose and Jeanie Bell manage to escape. Rose works for "The Female Mafia," led by Maude (Elisabeth Stuart)—a water-retaining windbag who looks like Yoda. She and her girl gang are involved in a gold smuggling scam. Bell joins up, but first has to prove herself by fistfing it out with this Asian hellcat. Bell gets her bell rung until she remembers she starred in **TNT JACKSON** and turns her opponent into a bloody sack of flesh. Welcome to the club.

The meat of the movie concerns karate-kicking supercop Lacy Bond (1) who is called in to go undercover and infiltrate the gang. **POLICEWOMEN** zips along with stock footage of a submarine, a few bobbing microphones, surprises (Bell is also an undercover agent), and more girls beating the shit out of each other than at a red tag sale at Macy's. Lacy is played by Sondra Currie, whose screen credits include **CLASS OF 74**, **THE CONCRETE JUNGLE**, **ONE MAN JURY** and **JESSI'S GIRLS**. Pokerfaced William Smith has a funny cameo as a Karate instructor who gets his chestnuts cracked by Currie.

Frost has made much better films (especially **THE BLACK GESTAPO**), but he doesn't soil his reputation with this one. **POLICEWOMEN** follows the cardinal rule of exploitation: Don't skimp on the sleaze. Recommended.

UNHOLY ROLLERS (72) - Directed by Vernon Zimmerman.
Starring Claudia Jennings, Roberta Collins and Betty Ann Rees.

Claudia Jennings earned a special place in the hearts of devoted drive-in junkies. With a filmography that included such gems as **GATOR BAIT**, **TRUCK STOP WOMEN** and **THE GREAT TEXAS DYNAMITE CHASE**, she laid claim to "Queen of the B's".

What made her so special? The Minnesota born beauty obviously had a mouthwatering figure (she was Playboy Playmate of the Year in 1970) and wore a smile that could either spark up a room or drip sin. But unlike today's user-friendly Scream Queens whose heads hurt when they string too many sentences together, Jennings ignited the movie screen. She had a freewheeling charm. She was a natural. Sadly, she died in a car crash at the absurd age of 29. Who knows where her career was headed?

UNHOLY ROLLERS was one of her first starring roles and is a great showcase for her talents. She doesn't just chew up the scenery, she spits it in your face. Jennings stars as Karen Walker, a tough-talking foundation shaker who quits her dead-end job at a cat food factory and becomes queen of the roller derby team, the Avengers. Before you can hurr "Brand New Key", she's skating around at warp speed driving an elbow into her opponent's brain stem. Soon, Karen rolls to the top and has to deal with jealous teammates who try to knock every freckle off her face. Eventually, stardom takes it's toll and she becomes unhinged.

The handwork of director Vernon Zimmerman (**FADE TO BLACK**), this pic pisses all over **KANSAS CITY BOMBER**, Raquel Welch's similar roller derby movie also released in 1972. **UNHOLY ROLLERS** contains the recommended daily allowance of drive-in fundamentals like skin, sleaze and foul language. There are scores of character actors like Louis Quinn, Alan Vint, Victor Argo, Kathleen Freeman and John Harmon. Best of all, Jennings' teammates and friends are played by a raunchy round-up of seventies starlets: Roberta Collins (**THE BIG DOLL HOUSE**), Betty Ann Rees (**SUGAR HILL**, **THE DEATHMASTER**), Charlene Jones (**THE WOMAN HUNT**) and Candice Roman (**THE BIG BIRD CAGE**) all of whom smear their dialogue pretty convincingly.

UNHOLY ROLLERS was produced by Roger Corman and the supervising editor was Martin Scorsese. Originally out on HBO Video, it's difficult to track down. But it's well worth watching Claudia Jennings strut her stuff. She'll give you whiplash....

Holland-
where is the baby?

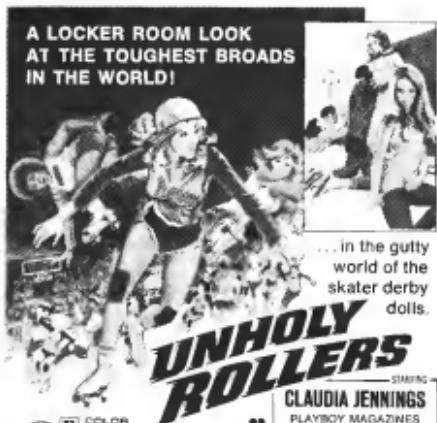


Please don't
reveal the
secret of

The Other

20th Century-Fox Color by De Luxe®

A LOCKER ROOM LOOK
AT THE TOUGHEST BROADS
IN THE WORLD!



JOHN FRIESE and JACK BURGER PRODUCED BY ROBERT CORMAN DIRECTED BY VERNON ZIMMERMAN EDITED BY ROBERT CORMAN, RONALD S. COHEN, VERNON ZIMMERMAN and RONALD S. COHEN

© 1972 American International Pictures, Inc.

THE DEATHMASTER (72) - Directed by Ray Danton. Starring Robert Quarry, Bill Ewing, Brenda Dickson, Betty Ann Rees and Kitty Vallacher.

THE DEATHMASTER is a typical AIP screamfest. It's a recycled COUNT YORGA movie with hippies, bikers and plenty of oversized plastic fangs. The threadbare plot has Robert Quarry (a poor man's Christopher Lee) star as Khorda, a Mansonesque vampire "guru" who preaches immortality to a bunch of bleary-eyed hippies. "That cat is something else!" they remark in between tokes.

Soon Khorda has vampirized them all, except for Pico (the untalented Bill Ewing), who barely escapes. Pico teams up with "Pop" (John Fiedler, a regular on the old BOB NEWHART show) and they invade the vampire's lair, only to watch his girlfriend Rona (Brenda Dickson) have her neck sucked on a sacrificial altar. The ending is pure seventies Drive-in madness. The vampire hippies have chalkwhite faces and dance to bongo music. Pop disappears and Khorda sic's his Undead on Pico. They chase him around the castle hissing and overacting at a fever pitch.

Pico gets away and finds Khorda's coffin. Using a makeshift stake, he plunges it into the wooden box. A scream. When he opens it, he finds... Pop! (Hey, mistakes happen). Khorda's metallic laugh rings out and he goes in for the bite. But Pico hurls a bowl of leeches into his face then stakes him through the chest cavity. Goodbye vampire. Staggering back to Rona, he finds all the hippies have turned to dust. Rona appears okay. Or is she? Oops, Rona turns gray then shrivels up into a moldy puddle. We're treated to one of those wonderful "shock" endings, where we get a close-up of Pico's face as he looks into the camera and screams at the top of his lungs! (All films should end like that, regardless of their subject matter).

Although **THE DEATHMASTER** is a notch below COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE (70) and **THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA** (71), it still rates as a personal "guilty pleasure". Perhaps it's the hopelessly outdated dialogue ("Heavy." "I dig it!" "It's a real beautiful scene!"). Maybe I'm just a sucker for movies with bikers named "Monk".

*Something is after Jessica.
Something very cold, very
wet... and very dead.*



Paramount Pictures Presents A Charles B. Moss Jr. Production

"Let's Scare Jessica To Death"

Written by Norman Jones and Ralph Ross

Produced by Charles B. Moss Jr. Directed by John Hancock

GP
G
GP
Color



LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH (71) - Directed by John Hancock. Starring Zohra Lampert, Barton Heyman, Mariclaire Costello.

Jessica (Zohra Lampert) has just been released from a rest home and is recovering from a nervous breakdown. Her and her husband Duncan (Heyman) journey to Connecticut to patch up their marriage and fix an ancient farmhouse they recently purchased. When they arrive, they discover a strange girl living in their place. Emily (Mariclaire Costello) says she has nowhere to go, so they let her hang around awhile. Jessica soon begins hearing voices. She doesn't like to be touched sexually by Duncan and wards off his advances. Since his wife's legs have been together longer than The Rolling Stones, it's only a matter of time before Duncan feels a strong attraction to Emily. Jessica withdraws more and more into herself. While searching through junk in the attic, she comes across a photograph of the family which lived in the house over 100 years ago. Emily bears a remarkable resemblance to a woman in the picture.

After that, things turn hallucinatory. Jessica begins to soon unravel. A ghostly woman (Gretchen Corbett) beckons to her in a field, the townspeople all have long scars on their necks and the voices whisper to her constantly. Emily tries to drown her while swimming in the lake, then (in a truly eerie segment) sinks herself under the water. When she submerges, Jessica sees Emily is a pale corpse staring with dead eyes, her wet hair like cobwebs across her face.

LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH is a real brain teaser. It's a lurid little shocker that manages to achieve a genuine sense of pervading doom and gloom. The film is helped immeasurably by Lampert's performance as the frail, emotionally unstable Jessica, who may (or may not) be caught up in a nightmare of ghosts and vampires. Lampert, (best known for those Goys Beans commercials) is like a stray dog, you really sympathize with her. The final image of her, lonely and afraid, floating in a rowboat, while on the shore she sees ghostly silhouettes, really stains your brain.

Directed by John Hancock (BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY), **LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH** is a compelling character study of madness. It's another film that got lost in the seventies and never found an audience.

BEWARE!

AN EMPTY
COFFIN!



A SCREAM
OF AGONY!



**KHORDA THE
DEATHMASTER
HAS LEFT
HIS TOMB!**



The
DEATHMASTER

AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
COLOR

ROBERT QUARRY AS KHORDA

THE PIGKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (72) -

Directed by Bethel Buckalew. Starring Terry Gibson, John Keith and Patty Smith.

Another "Adult's Only" collaboration between director Buckalew and producer Harry Novak. **THE PIGKEEPER'S DAUGHTER** is one of their sex-laced "Hillbilly" comedies. Kind of like **THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES**, except with jiggling dicks and pubic hair.

Moonbeam (Terry Gibson) is a Daisy Mae-type farmgal who has a pig pet named Lord Hamilton. She calls him, "the most handsomest fella in the world". Her Ma and Pa are worried she'll never find a man and get hitched. Then there's Jasper (John Keith), a testicle-scratching hayseed who's homier than a mountain goat. When he's not making Moonbeam squeal in the barn, he is trying to find a way to pop the cherry of local virgin Patty (Patty Smith).

The flick is mainly a series of raunchy sex scenes strung together with pretty graphic (near hardcore) rod-ridin', cock-grabbing and pussy-stroking. There's full frontal male and female nudity and way too many shots of big, hairy lop-sided balls for my taste. But it does possess a certain low-budget appeal. (The movie's opening title and credits are spray-painted on wooden boards). Psychoanalysts would have a field day with all the close-up shots of pigs during some of the sex scenes.

It ends with Jasper having a roll-in-the-hay with Patty (he promised to "go around her maidenhood") and Moonbeam's shotgun wedding to a traveling salesman whose luck runs out. Bethel Buckalew made fun of retarded country folk and the rural south in other films like: **COUNTRY CUZZINS** (71), **SOUTHERN COMFORTS** (71) and **TOBACCO ROODY** (70). **THE PIGKEEPER'S DAUGHTER** checks in as a typical seventies sexathon geared towards pigs sitting in the audience. I only have two things to say - oink, oink.

A SMELL OF HONEY, A SWALLOW OF BRINE (66) - Directed by B. Ron Elliot (Bryon Mabe). Starring Stacey Walker.

Ladies and gentlemen! Step right up and witness the story of Sharon Winters (Stacey Walker), "a cunning young cannibal who devours everything that falls into her soft, warm trap." **A SMELL OF HONEY, A SWALLOW OF BRINE** is the blistering saga of a sun-soaked sex kitten, a she-creature who only gets satisfaction out of teasing red-blooded men into a state of near madness, only to suddenly yell... "RAPE!" (Later her post-game reaction is to gleefully laugh like a chimpanzee over the whole scene).

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO TURNED MEN ON, TURNED THEM OFF, AND TURNED THEM INSIDE OUT...



a SMELL OF HONEY a SWALLOW OF BRINE!

Starring STACEY WALKER as Sharon Winters,
the Cunning Young Cannibal Who Devoured
Everything That Fell Into Her Soft, Warm Trap...

AN ADULT
EXPERIENCE

THERE ONCE WAS A PIGKEEPER'S DAUGHTER
WHO RAISED WHAT SHE SHOULDN'T DAUGHTER
SO ALL THE BOYS CAME
AS THEY PLAYED HER GAME
AND TOOK HER THREE PIGS WHEN THEY CAUGHTER

"THE PIGKEEPER'S DAUGHTER"

RESTRICTED TO ADULTS

A HARRY NOVAK PRESENTATION

Color by

MOVIELAB

She brought a
new meaning to
the phrase -

"DRIVING A
HARD BARGAIN"!

TERRY GIBSON - PATTY SMITH

ROBERT WILSON - HARRY H. NOVAK

BETHEL G BUCKALEW

A PURE GOLD PRODUCTION - A BOXOFFICE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Executive Producer
Directed by
Produced by
Written and Directed by

BETHEL G BUCKALEW

Color by

MOVIELAB

Executive Producer

HARRY H. NOVAK

Produced by

BETHEL G BUCKALEW

Color by

MOVIELAB

Executive Producer

HARRY H. NOVAK

Produced by

BETHEL G BUCKALEW

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Executive Producer

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MOVIELAB

Executive Producer

HARRY H. NOVAK

Produced by

BETHEL G BUCKALEW

Color by

MOVIELAB

THE CANDY SNATCHERS (73) - Directed by Guerdon Trueblood. Starring Brad David, Tiffany Bolling, Susan Sennet and Vincent Martorano.

Filmed in 1973, this delightfully grim kidnap caper is so elusive it isn't catalogued in any film reference books. **THE CANDY SNATCHERS** covers a couple of days in the lives of three vicious abductors, Alan (David), his sister Jessie (Bolling) and a big sweaty animal named Eddy (Martorano). They snatch "Candy", a 16-year-old Catholic schoolgirl (plaid skirt, saddle shoes - the whole bit) and bury her alive in a makeshift coffin. The ransom is a briefcase of diamonds which the kidnappers believe will be as easy as taking candy from a baby. They will be proved wrong. Dead wrong...

Well-directed by Guerdon Trueblood (a pseudonym for executive producer Arthur Marks?), the film stands as an effective balance of suspense and unwholesome exploitation. A few scenes are damn uncomfortable to sit through. Especially one nerve-frying sequence where Alan recommends cutting off Candy's ear and sending it to her father. He and Jessie even argue over who gets to saw it off. (Alan wins, because as he rightfully points out, "It's my knife...").

It's easy to read about a scene like that and dismiss the film as another flesh-and-blood show. But there's more on its mind than that. **THE CANDY SNATCHERS** reflects a dismal view of humanity (at a time when the country was ripped apart by Vietnam.). Candy serves as a symbol of purity and innocence. Everyone else in the film is portrayed as greedy, self-serving and callous. The theme of child abuse also looms large. Children are victims of their parent's sins, or worse, grow up to be just as wicked. We are privy to gruesome clues that Alan and Jessie's childhoods were as dark as a hog's ass. A major subplot of the flick revolves around a mute, abused little boy who watches Candy's premature burial. Candy's mother spends the film in an alcoholic haze and her step-dad laughs and tells her captives to do whatever they want with Candy because he will receive half of her inheritance if she dies.

In a world this ugly, Candy is probably better off in the ground...

THE TOYBOX (71) - Directed by Ron Garcia. Starring Evan Steele, Ann Myers, Lisa Goodman, Uschi Digart and Marsha Jordan.

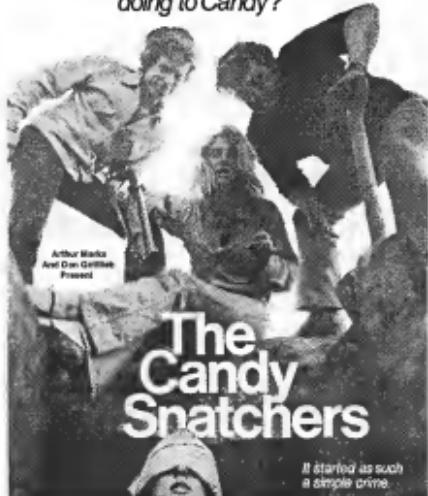
Gothic horror film? Sci-fi fantasy? Slash-a-thon? Saucy skin flick? Take your pick. "A Pandora's box of Freudian depravity," claimed the ads for this nutty nudie. That doesn't even begin to sum up **THE TOY BOX**, which stands as one of the most surreal and bizarre sexpicks ever released.

Sex-hungry swingers Donna (Ann Myers) and Ralph (Evan Steele) plan to attend a midnight party given in a large castle by "Uncle", a collector of people who perform depraved sexacts for his amusement. The more perverse the acts, the more "Uncle" rewards them. Donna and Ralph arrive and discover that the party is "Uncles" wake. They find him propped up on a stage, as each couple takes a turn performing lewd acts in front of his dead and bloated gaze. A recorded message tells them the party will go on as usual. The castle turns into a spooky funhouse as we're besieged by necrophilia, beheadings, bloody death by pitchfork, forcefields and a giant nude woman!

Confused? Me too. It gets much weirder. "Uncle" we learn, is from an alien world named Arcon. He runs a toy store and collects humans. The Arcons devour human brains to experience human depravity!

Director Ron Garcia was the cinematographer on the **TWIN PEAKS** movie and television series. Marsha Jordan, Marie Arnold and Uschi Digart (who has a lovemaking session with disembodied bed-sheets) are on hand to spice up the proceedings. **THE TOY BOX** rates as a **TWILIGHT ZONE** episode for the raincoat crowd.

What are they
doing to Candy?



STARRING TIFFANY BOLLING, DORN PIZZAZZI, ERICSON BURGESS, ADRIENNE CADDET, R
WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY BRYAN GINDROCK. DIRECTED BY GUERDON TRUEBLOOD
EX-STARING BRAD DAVID. VINCENT MARTORANO AS EDDY. ASSISTANT PRODUCER-LAUREN ABRAMS
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER-ROBERT MERRISH. A MARSHOT PRODUCTION. A GENERAL FILM CORPORATION RELEASE



DRACULA, THE DIRTY OLD MAN (69) - Directed by William Edwards. Starring Vince Kelly, Ann Hollis and Bill Whitton.

Here's a zany nudie horror/comedy which had them falling out of their cars at the local drive-ins. Dracula (played by someone named Vince Kelly!) lives in a cave and passes the time as a Peeping Tom. He mumbles things like, "I'd like to take her home with me...for supper." Amazingly, he speaks with a heavy Jewish accent. He sounds like a weird mixture of Jackie Mason, Artie Johnson's dirty old man on LAUGH-IN, and that crazy aardvark on those cartoons.

All this window-shopping has made our bloodsucker hornier than a high school freshman. So he puts a spell on this oily salesman causing the guy to turn into a fuzzy wolfman named...Irving Jekelman (Are you still with me?). Delirium follows. The wolfman (who looks like a sheepdog on a bad hair day) lopes around tearing women's underwear off and "pawing" them. He drags them back to Dracula who, rather than plant the traditional hickey on the neck, opts to bite their titties. That's basically the entire plot.

Gaffes in continuity, filled with ugly people—this film is hypnotically bad. How dirt cheap is it? When Dracula changes into a bat, it's not a rubber bat but a paper one, cut out of black construction paper. DRACULA, THE DIRTY OLD MAN makes the works of Andy Milligan look polished. It's laugh out loud stuff. Oy Vey!

VIOLENT OFFENDER (7?) - Directed by Rolf Olsen. Starring Raimund Harmstorf, Amadeus August and Christine Bohn. Scorpion Action Video.

This German crime caper played at the Selwyn theatre on 42nd Street in 1975, under the title BLOODY FRIDAY. Based on a true story, it's about a quartet of criminals who stage a bank heist, only to have things go horribly wrong.

Heinz (like the ketchup) is the psycho leader of the group. He's played by Raimund Harmstorf. Sexploitation viewers will recognize him as the lusty star of THE LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIEGFRIED, (where he was billed as Lance Bolt).

The lip-synching is horrible and the film is really choppy (some of the violence has been taken down a notch.). It ends with a quote from Napoleon. Highlights include a love scene intercut with real slaughterhouse footage, and the bullet-ridden finale where the robbers are shot down like metal ducks in an arcade. I picked this up in a video bargain bin for two bucks.

EROTIC GHOST STORY 3 (91) - Credits unknown.

Some films can easily be summed up by a certain scene. Like RE-ANIMATOR. That, of course, is the one where the naked blonde is strapped to a metal table and carpet-munched by a horny, severed head. EROTIC GHOST STORY 3 will be known for the sequence where a wizard shrinks himself down to an inch in height and climbs into a woman's vagina (where he proceeds to wander around holding his nose).

This Chinese-language erotic/fantasy concerns an alternate universe ruled by a transsexual (she's got a dick, folks) demon-queen who can switch genders faster than you can flip on a light switch. She can also really throw a party as evidenced by an elaborate orgy scene which manages to make cannibalism sexy. When a swordsman, his girlfriend and an alchemist are sucked into this hedonistic Hell, they join forces with a pair of fun-loving lesbians to make the world safe again for romantic coupling.

Two versions of this film are available. The HK laser-disc is letterboxed but not subtitled. Doesn't matter. You could watch EROTIC GHOST STORY 3 with the MUTE button on. It delivers the nitty-gritty: noisy action, kung-fu, a samurai rapist (who looks like Lemmy from Motorhead), multi-position groin-grinding and more T&A than an episode of BAYWATCH.

HUMAN PORK BUN (93) - Director unknown. Starring Anthony Wong and Danny Lee.

"Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the kitchen..." That should be the slogan for this hate-filled, taboo-busting descent into cannibalism and murder. HUMAN PORK BUN (aka: THE UNTOLD STORY) is Hong Kong cinema at its reddest. It will have you thinking twice about ordering spare ribs at a Chinese restaurant.

Anthony Wong (the villain in HARD BOILED) turns in a hypnotic performance as Wong Chi Hang, a human reptile so cold-blooded you wouldn't be surprised if he shed his skin. When the film opens, Wong has already murdered Cheng Lam for his restaurant. After his pretty cashier grows suspicious,



Wong rapes her, tortures her and dismembers her corpse. She winds up on the menu, as barbecued pork.

A team of cops (led by Danny Lee) arrest Wong for the disappearance of Cheng Lam and his family. The police prove to be just as brutal as the killer. They try to beat a confession out of him. Failing, they lock him up in prison where inmates try to drown him in a urinal. In a gruesome scene, Wong attempts suicide by biting his wrists open. The cops save him and finally torture him into spilling the beans. "I chopped them up..." he says simply.

The flashback will chill even the most jaded gorehound. Wong slaughters the man, his wife, and five small children. With a meat cleaver. Nothing is left to your imagination. Bodies are hacked and stacked.

Based on a true story, **HUMAN PORK BUN** will leave you feeling as queasy as if you came home and found Shaquille O'Neal snatch-lapping your daughter.

Pass the smelling salts...

DAZED AND CONFUSED (93) -

Directed by Richard Linklater. Starring Jason London.

Drugs. The Seventies. High School. Ah, the good old days... Glass bongs. Ludes. Projectile vomiting. Lungfuls of hash. Chewing psilocybin, mescaline and peyote then watching your friend turn into GHIDRAH, THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER.

The seventies were "it" in terms of drugs. They weren't joking when they labeled it "High" School. **DAZED AND CONFUSED** is my generation's AMERICAN GRAFFITI. The film really doesn't have much plot. It simply chronicles a certain time in history, from the viewpoint of a bunch of stoned Texas teenagers. Richard Linklater's parable deals with the last day of school, 1976. It's structured around freshman Mitch Kramer who is shown the ropes by all-purpose hero Randall "Pink" Floyd.

The real splendor of this film is in how it generates the eerily perfect atmosphere of the mid-70's. I swore I was watching a documentary. The movie evoked magical memories like freshman initiations, flipping bottle caps, endless drug usage, mindless cruising while cranking tunes and using your car trunk as a beer cooler. Every sentence ends with "man..." The film's worth seeing just for the clothes, hairstyles and rockin' soundtrack from dinosaur bands like BLACK SABBATH, FOGHAT, KISS and BLACK OAK ARKANSAS.

The large ensemble cast is excellent. Linklater clearly loves these characters. There are many slow-motion shots of them shooting pool, strutting through the halls or laughing. These shots stop time. They magnify the moment of what it feels like to be young, irresponsible and alive. The kids in his film complain that there's got to be more to life than this. They don't realize that in ten years after high school, they'll be stuck in dull academic jobs. Spun on the Wheel of Life: college, job, taxes, wife, house, kids, dog, retirement, death. Game over, man. The heartfelt irony is that they will think back to those high school days and come to realize those were some of the best days of their lives.

If you went to school in the seventies, **DAZED AND CONFUSED** is guaranteed to bend your mind. Now, if I can just find my lava lamp...

THE BLACK MASS... THE BLOOD SACRIFICE... UNHOLY RITUALS FOR THE ULTIMATE TRANSPLANT: ... THE HUMAN SOUL !



VEIL OF BLOOD

You can't trust
your mother
...your best friend
...the neighbor
next door

one minute
they're perfectly normal,
THE NEXT...

RABID

pray it doesn't happen
to you!



DUNNING / LUM / REEDMAN present
MARILYN CHAMBERS
in RABID

Starring JOE STEVENS HOWARD RHYTHMAN

and FRANK MOORE as READ

A NEW WORLD PICTURE

R

THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE (1972)

review by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

Trading in his signature werewolf chompers for a flea-bitten Ygor Halloween costume, Paul Naschy (AKA Jacinto Molina), Spain's *hombrí loco* of horror film, has devised his own demented variation on *LOVE STORY* (1970). Although in his version the stiff in question gives a livelier performance than Ali MacGraw. Much more than a simple "boy loves corpse" saga, **THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE** (1972) is a hybrid romance, gore-fest and a good old-fashioned monster movie with all the cheesy trimmings.

In a Bavarian village, suspiciously inhabited by long-side-burned Spaniards, a mentally-deficient hunchback (Naschy) works as a morgue attendant at a local clinic. He is constantly being harangued by sadistic doctors, local drunks and small children as the "poor idiot", "baboon face," "imbecile" and "that damned monkey." After the demise of a sickly young woman who took pity on the pathetic lug, our hero becomes obsessed with resurrecting her. He seeks the assistance of a mad scientist who spends his day dissecting what looks like chicken cutlets while spouting lines like, "Now, we have to examine the chromatographs on amino acids." Dutifully following his orders, the hunchback abducts a variety of screaming,

The
All NEW
SIG SHORE
Production

SUPER SEXY TNT.



meet Lady Susan Walker (Anouska Hempel). She rules the tropical island of San Christobal with an iron hand (and open legs). We're treated to endless whipping scenes as the icy-cold Hempel spends most of her screen time beating on her plantation slaves like a piñata. Any slave who disobeys her winds up crucified by her troops of homosexual mulattos(!). There is a subplot which involves David Warbeck going undercover and posing as an "accountant" in order to find his missing brother (Dave Prowse, who plays a castrated zombie).

After lots of fag jokes, soap-opera melodramatics, and a baffling lack of nudity, the slaves lock horns with Lady Walker. She winds up hung upside down and burned alive. Incredibly, Meyer tacks on an epilogue showing an interracial couple happily running together in a field. A narrator informs us that the story and its violent conclusion has led the way for racial harmony in the world!

BLACKSNAKE was also shown under the titles SWEET SUZY and SLAVES. It's available on video in France in a letterboxed format (as SERPENT NOIR). Though it's subtitled in English, lines like "My God is black. My God has balls!" and "Shit! They're killing one of my best niggas!" just don't have the same impact spoken in French...

Blaxploitation favorite Bob Minor has a small part. He's eaten by a shark. Anouska Hempel was in SCARS OF DRACULA and is now a famous British fashion designer. BLACKSNAKE contains only flashes of Meyer's inimitable style. There's very little of his trademark editing, frantic pace, or visual humor. But it's still worth a view, especially for the completist. Meyer would go on and redeem himself with his next film, the classic SUPERVIXENS.

big-breasted women who will supposedly be used in the doctor's attempts to revive the now rotting fräulein. Once the hunchback realizes he's been duped by the doc into supplying him with tasty morsels for his own slime creature, he turns the tables.

There's much more in THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE than the notorious rats-flambé sequence or supposed use of authentic corpses in the film. What about the love scene in which Naschy and the charming Rossana Yanni (Franco's KISS ME MONSTER - 1967) give new meaning to "humping", the inclusion of the marvelously gratuitous sapphic S&M whippersnapper's Éva and Marlene or the obvious cow lungs which keep floating to the top of the laboratory's convenient vat of acid? But besides all the fun, it's obvious that Naschy was earnestly attempting to create a sympathetic character with his misunderstood hunchback in the same way Lon Chaney, Sr. did with his finely-crafted creations. But it's precisely because Naschy forever falls so far off the mark that schlock fans admire him. You just gotta love a guy who takes himself so seriously while chasing semi-nude señoritas through a forest with a furry face, fangs, a hump or horns or what ever else struck his deranged fancy in a legacy of memorable films that are hard to beat.

BLACKSNAKE (72) - Directed by Russ Meyer. Starring Anouska Hempel, David Warbeck, Percy Herbert, Dave Prowse, and Bob Minor.

Russ Meyer is a national treasure. Producer. Director. Cinematographer. Editor. Distributor. He wrote the textbook on Nudie films. Our culture thrives on big breasts. They are the perfect symbol for America. (BIG is better, right?). More importantly, he transformed a genre, which was regulated to the raincoat crowd, and elevated it into an art form.

Surprisingly, BLACKSNAKE, isn't another trip down "mammary lane." Viewers hankering for another bosomy good time are sure to be disappointed. There is a reason Meyer never released this film on video in the U.S.—it's one huge mess.

This is Meyer's version of MANDINGO. Set in 1835, the film opens with the crack of a whip, as we see the plantation slaves like a piñata. Any slave who disobeys her winds up crucified by her troops of homosexual mulattos(!). There is a subplot which involves David Warbeck going undercover and posing as an "accountant" in order to find his missing brother (Dave Prowse, who plays a castrated zombie).

After lots of fag jokes, soap-opera melodramatics, and a baffling lack of nudity, the slaves lock horns with Lady Walker. She winds up hung upside down and burned alive. Incredibly, Meyer tacks on an epilogue showing an interracial couple happily running together in a field. A narrator informs us that the story and its violent conclusion has led the way for racial harmony in the world!

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SHE CAN HANDLE HIS PROBLEM HE WAS...



Born Erect

CRISTINE ROBERTS - ERIC BRAUN
also starring VICKI WEST - PETER STRAUS
MONIKA METZGER - BARBRA PETERSON
Directed by JON SANDERSON
Color by Technicolor X Adults Only

ALSO AVAILABLE WITH TITLE: BORN READY



trash FLASH

"Send lawyers, guns and money.
The shit has hit the fan." - Warren Zevon.



NEWS, NOTES AND ASSORTED RANTING AND RAVING

GRAVE NEWS

Raise your glass to Charles Bukowski, one of America's greatest writers, who died of leukemia in Los Angeles on March 9th. He was 73. The author of over 40 books and 1000 poems, including *NOTES OF A DIRTY OLD MAN* and *THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN TOWN*, Bukowski deserved to be mentioned in the same breath as William S. Burroughs. Movies made from his works include *TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS* (83), *LOVE IS A DOG FROM HELL* (87) and *BARFLY* (87).

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON RANDOM TOPICS

The government is cracking down on violence. Bill Clinton and in particular, Janet Reno, want to censor television and motion pictures which cross the line in terms of violent behavior. Okay, have you stopped laughing? Savor the irony there. It would be hysterical if it wasn't so pathetic. This is hypocrisy at its highest level. How does Freddy Krueger tearing open some imbecilic teen or the antics of Beavis and Buttthead compare with government-sanctioned brutality? The government calling for less violence is like Madonna preaching abstinence. Guess they forgot about police-brutality, bombing third-world countries, Kent State, Rodney King, and how Janet Reno and her F.B.I. handled David Koresh. Look back at our history and you come to the sad conclusion that violence is as American as Mom, apple pie and...Democracy.

POP GOES YOUR HEART:

A study just came out revealing that one large tub of delicious, buttery theatre popcorn is equal in fat and cholesterol to devouring six Big Macs! (Most popcorn you get at the movies isn't air-popped, it's cooked in peanut oil). No wonder my pants don't fit anymore.

MORE RANTING

Ground control to Anne Rice: If you were so indignant over the Hollywood casting of your (overrated) novel *INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE*, then you shouldn't have grabbed their cash with both hands. This whining, ego-bloated hag has gotten more mileage out of this "who gives a flying fuck" story than the media got over the Burt and Loni saga. The whole thing is just an attempt to get her dried-up, ugly face in more newspapers than Tonya Harding.

Mickey Mouse is coming to 42nd Street. Disney has bought the landmark New Amsterdam theatre on 42nd St. There is no God.

HOLLYWOOD BABYLON. "Babble-On" is more apt. Is there a funnier show on the tube? What was Tony Curtis thinking when he signed up for this? The Laurence Olivier show is already a classic.

It's time Sally Kirkland stopped doing nude scenes. Her breasts are starting to hang down like used condoms.

Girl stabs gramps over channel switch

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL. (AP) — A 13-year-old stabbed her step-grandfather to death for changing channels on the TV set, police said.

Sgt. Gregory Cox said the girl, whose name was withheld because of her age, plunged a butcher knife into 52-year-old Harold Farmer's neck Sunday, severing his spine and puncturing his lungs. Farmer and his wife had raised the girl.

The girl, described by neighbors as an honor student, was charged in Juvenile Court on Tuesday with murder and was held at a juvenile home.

SLICE OF LIFE

Lorena Bobbitt. A name that strikes cold fear in the hearts (and trousers) of men. Listen, John Wayne Bobbitt is so dumb mind-readers only charge him half price. But what would the public outcry be if a man sliced off the breast of his sleeping wife and shot-putted it out of his car window? Would he have gotten away scot-free?

SUMMER IN THE CITY

Every summer in New York seems to bring some new atrocity involving 42nd St. Last year it was the 42nd Street Art Project. Remember that? Two dozen artists and designers were rounded up to make summer on the block more "livable". They were actually given \$100,000 by the N.Y. Urban Development Corp. to turn the street into a public art exhibition. I couldn't even look. It was vomit-inspiring. Ideas included turning the hollowed shell of Peepland into a 50 foot mural of (gulp) flowers. Even the darkened lobby of the Selwyn theatre wasn't spared, it was desecrated with pop art. Plans for doing it this summer are currently on hold. I'm sure the homeless are real encouraged that \$100,000 was so well spent. Who needs a hot meal when you can look at painted flowers?

MORE DEUCE NEWS

Believe it or not, a family-orientated, first-run multiplex, called Movieplex 42, has opened on the Deuce. It's housed in the same building that once was the Roxy Theatre and peepshow parlor. The new theatre's goal is to urge people to bring their family to 42nd Street! Nevermind that the moviehouse is wedged in between adult sex shops and just a few doorways away are 25¢ peep shows and sex outlets. Sure, Mom and Pop, bring the kids out, and grandma too!

It's over. The final, crippling blow has been struck. The legendary Harris Theatre, 42nd Street's last remaining grindhouse, has been closed. Its bouse lights have dimmed for the last time. I actually thought the Harris was unkillable. Like Shirley Jackson's famed Hill House, I figured it "had stood for eighty years and might stand for eighty more." Sure, the theatre had been defanged a long time ago and reduced to unrelenting mainstream fare. But they still offered double and triple bills at cheap prices. Notable Harris showings recently included *TRUE ROMANCE* with *STRIKING DISTANCE*, *HARD TARGET*, *ONLY THE STRONG* and *NEEDFUL THINGS*, and a decent triple showing of *SURVIVING THE GAME*, *NO ESCAPE* and *BRAINSCAN*. The closing represents the last nail in the coffin of 42nd Street.

DREADFUL PLEASURES QUIZ ANSWERS

1-TWISTED NERVE	15-WILD IN THE STREETS
2-SCREAMERS	16-DEATHRACE 2000
3-THE ACID EATERS	17-THE LADIES CLUB
4-COUNTESS DRACULA	18-DIAL HELP
5-HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD	19-STONER
6-WAXWORK	20-LEGEND 3
7-SCALPEL	21-CAMERA
8-AMITYVILLE 3-D	22-PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES
9-OUR MAN FLINT	23-GAME OF DEATH
10-NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CATS	24-BARBARIAN QUEEN
11-PAINT IT BLACK	25-IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE
12-GREEN HELL	26-STANLEY
13-AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON	27-QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE
14-CRIMINALLY INSANE	



WE'VE GOT 'EM!
THEY'RE **FUN!** THEY'RE **FREE!**
SIX BEASTLY GAG CARDS

Get your set when you come to see
THE GREATEST DOUBLE-DREADER EVER!!!!
THE SHE BEAST
and
THE EMBALMER

A TRIBUTE TO STEVE JAMES

It's been said that good luck is the one true God. If that's so, Steve James ran out of it. He died this year, at the senseless age of 41, of pancreatic cancer. When I heard, I was filled with immense sadness and anger that someone as cool, honest, intelligent and talented as Steve could be taken off the earth at the peak of his power, when other walking tumors, who should be terminated with extreme prejudice, live long lives spouting hatred.

It's hard not to really sugarcoat this, but I don't want this to be a tearjerking sob story. I'd rather call it a salute, because Steve died doing what he loved and dreamed about as a child. As a teen, he sat there in 42nd Street grindhouses like the Liberty, gazing wide-eyed in wonder, feet up on the back of a seat watching in exhilaration as Jim Brown clubbed somebody, William Smith swung a chain or Jim Kelly cracked someone in the forehead. He knew this was what he wanted to do. And he achieved that dream.

Steve became a trained martial artist, stunt coordinator, screenwriter and likeable action star of films like Cannon's **AMERICAN NINJA** series, **DELTA FORCE**, **TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.** and **RIVERBEND**. One of his best roles was as "Kung-fu Joe" in **I'M GONNA GIT YOU SUCKA**, a loving tribute to 70's black action films. Although he became a celebrity, he never outgrew his sheer love for New York and the memory of growing up on 42nd St. (He told me one of the highlights of his career was revisiting the Deuce and seeing his flick **AMERICAN NINJA** on a lighted marquee.).



Steve was a season ticket holder when it came to genre films and the Deuce. He was an avid DP reader and we corresponded for a few years (sadly, an interview was planned but never finished.). As these excerpts from some of our conversations prove, Steve was one of "us," not some posturing action-clown. Even though he's gone, he lived his dream. How many people can say that?

"DREADFUL PLEASURES" brings back pleasurable memories. My god, I thought I had a collection of news ads until I saw your zine. What's sad is that most of those theatres in your ads no longer exist - especially in the Bronx, like the Earl, Luxor, Mt. Eden, Ward, etc. Like you, I also spent my childhood and adulthood going to the Lyric, Times Square, Apollo, Selwyn, New Amsterdam, Cine 42, Harris, Liberty, Empire and the godawful Anco (worst sound in theatre history). I went out of my way to catch whatever little obscure film that was playing - anywhere! I miss the fun of having two shows for one - a show on screen and one in the audience!

I'M GONNA GIT YOU SUCKA was a ball. Not only was it one of the funniest scripts I've ever read, but it was hilarious to work because ad libs were popping up every second. A lot of Kung-fu Joe's scenes were cut but so were a lot of other people's because the movie would have been a three hour spectacle. For example, Sheila Frazier had a scene with Fly Guy reprising her role from SUPERFLY, but it ended up being edited. Too bad, but the film is still a wonderful sendup of black action films. My biggest thrill was working with my heroes like Jim Brown, Bernie Casey and Issac Hayes. I was honored and in awe, not to mention

happy that these three guys were so down to earth.

By the way, Keenan said he got the idea for the film because he too was a Deuce fanatic. The whole "Kung-fu Joe police ambush" scene came from us laughing about how all the New Amsterdam theatre patrons were vocally abusing that silly police ambush scene of Jim Kelly in THREE THE HARD WAY. All of us who saw it kept commenting on how the cops would have just shot Kelly instead of walking up to get a crescent kick! That was one of the charms of going to the Deuce. If a scene was bad the "critics" in the audience would let you know.

When I did AMERICAN NINJA 2, Ron O'Neal was at the same location doing MERCI-NARY FIGHTERS. We hung out a lot. He was a very good actor who never got the break he deserved. I've seen him do Shakespeare, Ibsen and Greek classics but Hollywood just sees him as "Superfly", which I thought was one of the best of the 70's black films. I'll take it over NEW JACK CITY any day. I always found it weird that the NAACP would knock SUPERFLY (an anti-drug film) and SHAFT films (our first major black hero), but seemed to have overlooked Rudy Ray Moore! Actually, I'm glad they did. I always have a great laugh with his films.

For the record, THREE THE HARD WAY opened at the New Amsterdam with DEEP THRUST - HAND OF DEATH. I also saw such gems as SHAFT'S BIG SCORE, THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLIE and DOLEMITE at the Cinerama and 100 RIFLES, SUCCUBUS, THE OBLONG BOX and THE BRUTE AND THE BEAST at the Penthouse. As you can tell, I'm just as obsessed as you!"

STEVE JAMES FILMOGRAPHY

TIMES SQUARE (80)/THE EXTERMINATOR (80)/THE SOLDIER (82)/THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET (84)/MASK (85)/TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A. (85)/C.A.T. SQUAD (TV-86)/AMERICAN NINJA (86)/AVENGING FORCE (86)/THE DELTA FORCE (86)/P.O.W. THE ESCAPE (86)/AMERICAN NINJA 2: THE CONFRONTATION (87)/HOLLYWOOD SHUFFLE (87)/C.A.T. SQUAD 2: PYTHON WOLF (TV-88)/HERO AND THE TERROR (88)/I'M GONNA GIT YOU SUCKA (88)/JOHNNY BE GOOD (88)/AMERICAN NINJA 3: BLOOD HUNT (89)/RIVERBEND (90)/STREET HUNTER (90)/MCBAIN (91)/THE PLAYER (92)/WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S 2 (93)/BLOODFIST V: BLACKOUT (93).

The morning KUNG-FU BORN
BRUCE LI in
 BRUCE LI IN BACK!
 Playing the lead role in
 TORTURER from
 MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
 PAUL SMITH

RETURN OF THE TIGER
 STARRING BRUCE LI & PAUL SMITH
 and the KUNG-FU ANGELS
 Directed by JOHN GLENN
 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
 R

Champion of
 Hand To Hand Combat!

BLACK BELT FURY
 Starring
CHANG LI,
 R
 PICTURES PRESENTS
 CHANG LI
 1980
 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

SILVER DOLLAR DJ.
 7205 S.
 CENTRAL AVE.
 276-2261

WESTDALE
 VAN BUREN
 8 35th Ave.
 269-1729

YOU'LL
 SCREAM
 YOUR
 HEAD
 OFF!

BLOODSUCKING FREAKS R

IN COLOR & FILMED IN GHOUL-D-VISION

The biggest problem I had after I'd left the New York area was in finding movie houses that would show the kind of trash I was used to seeing. The big multiplexes would never show any risqué fare, unless it came from a major studio. Out west most of the exploitation and horror films were shown at drive-ins, which was out for me because I didn't own a car. It took some searching, and a lot of courage, for me to find a grindhouse in what's known as the roughest area in Phoenix that had Sonny Chiba triple-bills, gory horror and action double features, occasional Blaxploitation flicks and more.

THE WESTDALE 4

PHOENIX'S GREATEST GRINDHOUSE

by Shawn Johns

Week after week, I was the only white face sitting in a grimy four-plex known as the Westdale 4. In an area that was every bit as mean and violent as the Deuce, the theatre was located in a small shopping center surrounded by four blocks of thrift stores, a blood bank, housing projects, 50-cent burger joints, and at night, \$3 and \$5.00 crackhead hookers. English is the second language around there, as it's mostly an Hispanic neighborhood. Well over a dozen different gangs hang out in the area day and night, many of them going to check out the kung-fu double-bills at the Westdale on weekends with their "chola" girlfriends. (Every once in a while I'd see some white people around, but they usually looked like they just escaped from jail.).

Sometimes I would get stares from some of the homeboys, like what's this "gringo" doing down here? But I didn't care. This gringo just found his new grindhouse home away from home. The first double-bill I saw there was in the late 70's - PIRANHA and NIGHT CHILD. This was followed by TERROR and THE LEGACY on a twin-bill. The period I went to the Westdale 4 the most was from 1980 to 1986. That's when I saw such wild double-features as ZOMBIE and THE TATTOO CONNECTION (there was mostly a black crowd that day, and a riot almost broke out because some guy was caught jacking off in the Men's room!). DRIVE-IN MASSACRE played with DRILLER KILLER. BODY SNATCHER FROM HELL with BLOODY PIT OF HORROR. LASTHOUSE ON DEAD END STREET with THE PEOPLE WHO OWN THE DARK and Sonny Chiba's DRAGON PRINCESS unspooled with the rare Don Edmonds exploitation flick, BARE KNUCKLES.

No other indoor cinema in Phoenix would dare show this kind of stuff. (The only other "walk-in" that came close was the Tower Plaza Twin on the east side, with

YOU'VE SEEN THE REST
 NOW SEE THE BEST!

SEE 10
 INCREDIBLE
 DEVIL
 WEAPONS
 USED

84
 KUNG FU
 MASTERS

FROM CHINA
 ALL NEW
 FIERCE
 ACTION

FEARLESS
 FIGHTERS

THE ULTIMATE IN ALL
 MARTIAL ARTS!
 METROSCREEN CINERASCOPE
 METROCOLOR

odd showings of stuff like CEMETARY GIRLS and VAMPIRE PLAYGIRLS.). The Westdale was always packed on the weekends, especially if it was playing kung-fu flicks which brought out an even rougher crowd than usual (although stabbings and shootings were all too common in the area.). I remember they paired the Leon Isaac actioner BODY AND SOUL with KID WITH THE GOLDEN ARM and blacks in the audience were rooting for Leon Isaac, while the Mexicans were cheering on the Chicano fighter! (I really felt like I was back in Times Square then!).

Leon Isaac seemed to be popular at the Westdale. Another time they showed PENITENTIARY 2 with HORROR HOSPITAL. Admittedly a strange combo, but that's what made going to the Westdale so great. Every so often they'd run a triple-bill of older films together like THE SHE-BEAST, THE EMBALMER and INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS or BRUCE LEE AND I, TEN FINGERS OF DEATH and STEEL EDGE OF REVENGE.

Sure, the theater itself was a flea-pit,

ZOMBIE
...THE DEAD ARE AMONG US!

Distributed by: The Jerry Gross Organization

WEBSITE: www.jerrygross.com

WESTDALE THEATRES
35th Ave & Van Buren
269-1729

with urine-stained floors, hard as-a-rock chairs and gut-churning concession stand food, not to mention the "friendly" patrons who'd love to find an excuse to kill you. But if you were as crazy about trashy movies as I am, the Westdale 4 was the only place in town. Plus I was used to going to 42nd Street so it wasn't that big a deal. You just learned not to hang around once the theatre closed.

From 1985 until the middle of 1987, the Westdale started featuring kung-fu double-bills almost every week. I saw incredibly obscure titles like BAD DOG FU, KUNG-FU INFERNO, DRAGON ZOMBIES, BROTHERHOOD KILLERS OF KUNG-FU, DON'T BLEED ON ME, BLACK HERCULES VS. THE YELLOWTIGER and DUNGEON OF THE NINJAS.

The crowds also started getting rowdier. More people were buying drugs around there than theatre tickets. Attendance slacked off for fear of getting attacked. In the late 80's, they started switching to Spanish movies, and two of the four screens were devoted to Mexican action-thrillers in their original language for the mostly Mexican movie-going crowd. They stopped showing any decent double-bills by then, only pairing up mainstream releases on their third or fourth runs. (The price of a ticket went down to a dollar at all times!).

A lot of these changes had to do with the growing crime rate. Also three video stores with lots of horror, action and kung-fu titles opened within blocks of the Westdale. More people could afford to buy VCR's by then and the video stores had "Dollar Days" to boost membership. By 1992 they closed down two of the four screens. The remaining ones showed major releases (mostly on single bills) or Spanish films. (Some of the Mexican movies would qualify as exploitation fare though.).

Sadly, as of late summer-early fall of 1993, the Westdale 4 closed down forever leaving grindhouse fans in Phoenix without a place to go. All that's left now is some gang graffiti scrawled on the boarded-up windows. However, before it closed, Brandon Lee's RAPID FIRE had a marathon run of more than five months there nonstop!! (It was the last English language pic to play there.).

At least the Westdale 4 went out in grindhouse style. To the people in that Phoenix 'hood, it was more than just a movie theatre. The Westdale 4 was there for more than 20 years and provided the best (or worst) in movie entertainment. I'm sure I'm not the only one around with fond memories of the Westdale 4.



FREE BRUCE LEE LUCKY COINS

NOW THE KING OF KUNG-FU COMES BACK TO LIFE!

THE BRUCE LEE STORY

HOW HE LIVED!
HOW HE LOVED!
HOW HE FOUGHT!
HOW HE DIED!

ALL
NEW!

SEE the truth
explode in...

The DRAGON DIES HARD

AN ALLEN ARTISTS RELEASE



The Dragon Flies

THE FIRST AND ONLY
MUSCLE-MAD
MONSTER OF THE
MARTIAL ARTS!

YANG SZE

"CHINESE HERCULES"



A Hong Kong Kung-Fu Film Color
A National General Pictures Release



DOUBLE AND TRIPLE BILLS AT THE WESTDALE 4

By Shawn Johns

(The following list represents all the double and triple bills I saw at the Westdale from 1978-1987. Or at least the ones I can remember. Jam-packed with both well-known and obscure classics, the list serves as a glorious reminder of the joys of Grindhouse Cinema and a fitting tribute to the Westdale.)

ZOMBIE (80) w/ THE TATTOO CONNECTION (80)

THE EXECUTIONER (79) w/ KILL OR BE KILLED (80)

JACK THE RIPPER (79) w/ BLOODEATERS (80) aka TOXIC ZOMBIES

TERIOR (79) w/ THE LEGACY (79)

THE SHE BEAST (80) THE EMBALMER (80) and INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS (72)

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (74) w/ MARY, MARY, BLOODY MARY (75)

BODY SNATCHER FROM HELL (89) w/ BLOODY PIT OF HORROR (85)

DOHNT LOOK IN THE BASEMENT (73) LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT (73) and HOUSE BY THE LAKE (78)

PIRANHA (78) w/ NIGHT CHILD (77)

WALKING THE EDGE (85) w/ GETTING EVEN (86)

HOST WARRIOR (86) w/ NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER (86)

DEMONS (86) w/ THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE 2 (86)

RETURN OF THE 7 GRANDMASTERS (83) w/ 7 GRANDMASTERS (82)

THE FOREST (83) w/ KILL ZONE (83)

DEADTIME STORIES (87) w/ LETHAL (87)

THE DRAGON'S EXECUTIONER (73) w/ STREETFIGHTER'S LAST REVENGE (79)

FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 5 (85) w/ CREEPERS (85)

BLOOD DINER (87) w/ THE BELIEVERS (87)

SLAUGHTER HIGH (87) w/ EVIL DEAD 2 (87)

AVENGING FORCE (85) w/ COMBAT SHOCK (86)

SILENT SCREAM (80) w/ THE GODSEND (80)

DEADLY SHAOLIN LONG FIST (83) w/ FIGHTING DUEL OF DEATH (83)

BRUCE'S FISTS OF VENGEANCE (80) w/ DEADLY SILVER NINJA (82)

A FIST TOO FAST (85) w/ THE TOUGH KUNG-FU KID (84)

THE FLY (86) w/ ALIENS (85)

TOXIC AVENGER (86 "R" version) w/ WEEKEND WARRIOR (86)

BLACK STREETFIGHTER (75) w/ SISTER STREETFIGHTER (76)

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT (84) w/ 7 DOORS OF DEATH (83)

KNIGHTS OF THE CITY (86) w/ NINJA TURF (86)

GYMKATA (85) w/ STREETWALKIN' (85)

HELL HOLE (85) w/ THE LAST DRAGON (85)

THE DRAGON'S SHOWDOWN (82) w/ DRAGON PRINCESS (80)

DANGEROUSLY CLOSE (86) w/ IN THE SHADOW OF KILIMANJARO (88)

9 DEATHS OF THE NINJA (85) w/ CREATURE (85)

THE DRAGON FROM SHAOLIN (82) w/ REBEL AVENGERS (83)

SAVAGE STREETS (84) w/ STREETS OF FIRE (84)

SUPER DRAGON (85) w/ MASTER BRAWLER (82)

FRIDAY THE 13TH PT 5 (85) w/ GHOULIES (85)

THE SAVAGE BARBARIAN (83) w/ DRAGON-FIST NINJA (85)

SUDEN DEATH (85) w/ KING SOLOMON'S MINES (85)

NINJA MASSACRE (85) w/ WORLD WAR OF KUNG-FU (74 aka BLOOD ON THE SUN)

REVENGE OF THE DEADLY DRAGONS (82) w/ DRAGON'S FURY (85)

DAY OF THE DEAD (85) w/ THE MUTILATOR (85)

THE JADE-WINGED DRAGON (82) w/ ONE-ARMED SWORDSMAN (81)

GOZOOL 65 w/ THE STUFF (85)

AMERICAN NINJA (85) w/ WEIRD SCIENCE (85)

RICK-SHAW TIGER (84) w/ 5 STRIKES OF THE WILDCAT (83)

FIST FOR REVENGE (86) w/ SHAOLIN TEMPLE THE SHINING FIVE (85)

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD (85) w/ DRILLER KILLER (79)

LIFEFORCE (85) w/ A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (84)

RETURN OF THE CHINESE BOXER (81) w/ FURY OF THE ROAMING MONK (84)

EXTERMINATOR 2 (84) w/ DEATH MASK OF THE NINJA (81)

7 COMMANDMENTS OF KUNG FU (81) w/ MASTERS OF THE IRON ARENA (83)

SHOGUN ASSASSINATOR (84) w/ WAR OF THE DRAGONS (82)

KILLPOINT (84) w/ SLAUGHTERGROUND (84)

C H U D (84) w/ FLASHPOINT (84)

BAD DOG FU (84) w/ KUNG-FU INFERNO (84)

JUSTICE OF THE DRAGON (82) w/ HANDS OF LIGHTNING (83)

KUNG-FU MANIAC (81) w/ INCREDIBLE DEATH-KICK MASTER (81)

THE KILLING GAME (84) w/ WANTED: BRUCE LI, DEAD OR ALIVE! (83)

FEARLESS MASTER FIGHTERS (84) w/ REVENGE OF THE PATRIOTS (80)

MORE DOUBLE AND TRIPLE BILLS AT THE WESTDALE 4



TUFF TURF (85) w/ THEY'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE (84)
 THE BEING (83) w/ THE CONCRETE JUNGLE (82)
 PIECES (83) w/ GATES OF HELL (83)
 DRAGOON ZOMBIES RETURN (83) w/ BROTHERHOOD KILLERS OF KUNG-FU (84)
 LEE, THE ANGRY YOUNG MAN (83) w/ BRUCE LEE'S MAGNUM FIST (82)
 IRON FIST REBEL (83) w/ DUEL OF THE 7 TIGERS (82)
 THE PROWLER (81) w/ DAY AFTER HALLOWEEN (79)
 INSATIABLE (81) w/ BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR (73 - both soft "X" versions)
 EAGLE VS. THE SILVER FOX (84) w/ FISTS OF THE GOLDEN MONKEY (83)
 DUNGEON OF THE NINJAS (84) w/ DON'T BLEED ON ME! (83 aka FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL)
 HARD AS A DRAGON (84) w/ BLACK HERCULES VS. THE YELLOW TIGER (81)
 MANTIS FIST FIGHTER (81) w/ MAGNIFICENT 7 OF KUNG-FU (82)
 REVENGE OF THE NINJA (83) w/ ENTER THE NINJA (81)
 CHILDREN OF THE CORN (84) w/ SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE (82)
 SUDDEN IMPACT (83) w/ D.C. CAB (83)
 CHRISTINE (83) w/ ANGEL (84)
 DEADLY EYES (83) w/ THE POWER (83)
 THE EDGE OF FURY (81) w/ KARATE WARRIORS (80)
 SCANNERS (81) w/ ASSIGNMENT TO KILL (81)
 REVENGE OF THE BUSHIDO BLADE (80) w/ TIGER FROM HONG KONG (79)
 IRON GRIP OF THE WARLORD (82) w/ ALL THE YOUNG MASTERS (82)
 THE HOWLING (81) w/ THE WARRIOR WITHIN (81)
 VIGILANTE (83) w/ DEATHSTALKER (83)
 KUNG-FU OF TAE-KWON-DO (80) w/ DRAGON NINJA VS. KILLER LEE (83)
 TIGER OVER THE WALL (82) w/ MARVELOUS STUNTS OF KUNG-FU (82)
 THE CONCRETE JUNGLE (82) w/ DRILLER KILLER (79)
 MS 45 (81) w/ SCREAMERS (81)
 NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES (83) w/ DAWN OF THE DEAD (79)
 WHEN TAE-KWON-DO STRIKES (74) w/ THE OCTAGON (80)
 SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE (82) w/ DEADLY SILVER NINJA (82)

CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD (77 Jean Rollin) w/ STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN AT NIGHT (77 aka THRILL OF THE VAMPIRES)

DRAGON PRINCESS (80) w/ BARE KNUCKLES (77)
 GALAXY OF TERROR (81) w/ STARCRASH (79)

SNAKE FIST FIGHTER (81) w/ FISTS OF FURY (73)

SISTER STREETFIGHTER (76), STREETFIGHTER'S LAST REVENGE (79) and RETURN OF THE STREETFIGHTER (75)

THE ROAD WARRIOR (82) w/ BOULEVARD NIGHTS (79)

SHOGUN ASSASSIN (80) w/ THE OCTAGON (80)

ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN (74 "R" version) w/ NIGHT OF THE DEMON (74 aka TOUCH OF SATAN)

10 FINGERS OF DEATH (78), BRUCE LEE AND I (76) and STEEL EDGE OF REVENGE (74)

WOMEN IN CAGES (72) w/ SHRIEK OF THE MUTILATED (74)

THE HOUSE WHERE DEATH LIVES (78) w/ THIRST (79)

FORBIDDEN WORLD (82) w/ SEED OF TERROR (73 aka GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE)

LAST CHALLENGE OF THE DRAGON (78) w/ THE DRAGON LIVES AGAIN (81)

FISTS OF FURY (73) w/ THE CHINESE CONNECTION (73)

PENITENTIARY 2 (82) w/ HORROR HOSPITAL (75)

A HARD WAY TO DIE (80) w/ UNBEATABLE DRAGON (80)

THE ASSASSIN (80) w/ TIGER'S CLAW (80)

BODY AND SOUL (82) w/ KID WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (81)

SCHIZOID (80) w/ THE GODSEND (80)

TORSO (73) w/ AUTOPSY (76)

MANIAC (81) w/ FEAR NO EVIL (81)

RETURN OF THE TIGER (81) w/ BLACK BELT FURY (79)

KUNG-FU OF THE 8 DRUNKARDS (79) w/ CLAWS OF THE CRAZY DRAGON (80)

DON'T GO IN THE WOODS (82) w/ THE DEVIL TIMES FIVE (78)

DRILLER KILLER (79) w/ DRIVE-IN MASSACRE (82)

A FIST FOR A FIST (81) w/ OCTAGON FORCE (81)

LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET (79) w/ THE PEOPLE WHO OWN THE DARK (75)

YOUNG WARRIORS (83) w/ VIGILANTE (83)

FIST OF FEAR, TOUCH OF DEATH (82) w/ BRUCE LEE FIGHTS BACK FROM THE GRAVE (79)

LUNATIC (83 aka THE LAST HORROR SHOW) w/ 1999 BRONX WARRIORS (83)

MORTUARY (84) w/ FUNERAL HOME (83)



FILMOGRAPHIES

Every issue we devote some words to those unsung heroes of exploitation, horror and trash culture. Note: we make no ridiculous claims that these are complete credits. In fact, we welcome any new info readers send us. TV- followed by a particular year means Made-for-TV movie and TV-reg. means they were a regular on that series.

ROSALBA NERI - I remember only two things about seeing **LADY FRANKENSTEIN** (double billed with **NIGHT OF THE COBRA WOMAN**) at the Selwyn theatre. Number one: I sat on a live rat that was on my seat and almost shit my pants. The second thing was, in between watching a pimp bitch-slap his girlfriend, the wino in front of me—obviously used to viewing films through the bottom of a vodka bottle—stands up and slurs out loud, "Dat bitch got some nipples you can hang your coat on!" After he said it, he collapsed back into his seat so fast I thought there was a trap door under his feet.

The "bitch" in question turned out to be Italian actress Rosalba Neri (aka: Sara Bay). I've always felt a soft spot in my heart (as well as a hard spot in my pants) for this veteran performer. Neri's debut was in 1957 in George Lacombe's **MON COQUIN DE PERE**. She's had quite a long career toplining in Spanish and Italian productions but to American audiences weaned on true trash she will forever be famous for some great 70's sludge like: **SLAUGHTER HOTEL**, **THE DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT**, **LADY FRANKENSTEIN** and **THE GIRL IN ROOM 2A**. She excels in playing evil villainesses like her deliciously wicked role in **THE SEDUCERS**, where she spends 95% of her screen time fully naked, target-shooting goats and trying to seduce a retarded teenager. She's the best thing to come out of Italy since ravioli. Her films include:

MON COQUIN DE PERE (57)/**HERCULES AGAINST MOLOCH** (63-aka: **CONQUEST OF MYCENE**)/**THE THREE AVENGERS** (64)/**WHITE VOICES** (64)/**JOHNNY YUMA** (66)/**SUPER SEVEN CALLING CAIRO** (66)/**LUCKY THE INSCRUTABLE** (67)/**CASTLE OF FU MANCHU** (68)/**JUSTINE** (68-aka: **DEADLY SANCTUARY**)/**A LONG RIDE FROM HELL** (68)/**99 WOMEN** (69)/**THE SEDUCERS** (70)/**AMUCK** (51)/**LADY FRANKENSTEIN** (71)/**LA MUERTE INCERTA** (71)/**SLAUGHTER HOTEL** (71)/**LA AMANTE DEL DEMONIO** (72)/**THE BOOGIEMAN AND THE FRENCH MURDERS** (72-aka: **PARIS SEX MURDERS**)/**SMILE BEFORE DEATH** (72)/**THE ARENA** (73)/**CONFessions IN A CONVENT** (73)/**THE DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT** (73)/**FIRST TANGO IN ROME** (73)/**THE VISITOR** (74)/**GIRL IN ROOM 2A** (77). She has also appeared in the following films (dates unknown): **BLACKMAIL/SEXY RELATIONS/SMILES OF GINA**.

ROSALBA NERI

They'll do everything possible
in every possible way.



JERRY GROSS Presents

THE SEDUCERS

Distributed by
COLOR CINERAMA INDUSTRIES

RENE BOND - Popular and prolific, Bond was a chesty, amber-eyed actress who graced countless lurid exploitation potboilers. Born in California, she was also one of the first Adult Film stars. Throughout the early to mid-70's she was featured in the "Teenage" series of X-rated sex films, the best probably being **TEENAGE FANTASIES** (72). More importantly, Bond was one of the few pom actresses to make the jump into legitimate films. She specialized in playing deranged sluts, ladies-in-distress, mentally-handicapped farmgirls, and testicle-teasing sex machines who, in the course of the film, had to defend themselves from all manner of love-starved degenerates.

Bond worked with, among others, producers Dave Friedman and Harry Novak, and directors like A.C. Stephen, Lee Frost, Al Adamson and even appeared in Ed Wood's obscure **NECROMANIA** (71). Her mandatory nude scenes made male viewer's sweat glands open up, and perhaps only Uschi Digart rivaled her in genre appearances. Bond also appeared in films under the names Priscilla Lee, Mindy Brandt, Nancy Binghampton, Rene Lutz and Lilly Lovetree.

Like so many of her co-stars, she seemed to have vanished into oblivion. But to dedicated genre-junkies, Bond's always smiling face and eager-to-please sensual appeal transcended those film roles where she served merely as set decoration or victimized cheesecake. The X-rated critics organization gave her a Heart-On award for career service. She's earned her cult status. THE ADULT VERSION OF **JEKYLL AND HYDE** (71 - aka: **THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DR. JEKYLL**)/**BELOW THE BELT** (71)/**THE JEKYLL AND HYDE PORTFOLIO** (71-aka: **JEKYLL AND HYDE UNLEASHED**)/**NECROMANIA** (71)/**TOUCH ME** (71)/**THE CLASS REUNION** (72)/**COUNTRY CUZZINS** (72)/**DROP OUT WIFE** (72-aka: **PLEASURE UNLIMITED**)/**PLEASE DON'T EAT MY MOTHER** (72-aka: **THE HUNGRY PETS**)/**RUN-**

*a fabulous flash
of the '50s*

HIGH SCHOOL FANTASIES

Starring LARRY BARNHOUSE
RENE BOND TONY MAZZIOTTI
Directed by MORRIS OEARL
Produced by OMAR CHRISTIAN In COLOR

ADULTS ONLY

AWAY HORMONES (72)/SATISFACTION GUARANTEED (72)/SNOW BUNNIES (72)/STRANGERS (72)/TEENAGE FANTASIES (72)/TEENAGE SEX KITTEN (72)/A TOUCH OF DEATH (72)/TWO RODE WITH DEATH (72)-aka-TOUGH GUNS aka: THE GUNNERS)/WELCOME HOME, JOHNNY (72)/CONVICT WOMEN (73)-aka- BUST OUT!/FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE (73)/INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS (73)/SADDLE TRAMP WOMEN (73)/SEX CLINIC GIRLS (73)/SEX, LOVE AND HAPPINESS (73)/TEENAGE JAILBAIT (73)/BETRAYAL (TV-74)/COUNTRY HOOKER (74)/FIVE LOOSE WOMEN (74-aka- FUGITIVE GIRLS)/FLASH (74)/HIGH SCHOOL FANTASIES (74)/LASH OF LUST (74)/THE MISS LAYED GENIE (74)/PANORAMA BLUE (74)/TEENAGE FANTASIES II (74)/VIOLATED (74)/ANGEL ABOVE AND THE DEVIL BELOW (75)/BEACH BLANKET BANGO (75)/THE COCKTAIL HOSTESS (75)/GIRL IN THE BASKET (75)/INSIDE AMY (75)/ORGY AMERICAN STYLE (75)/TEENAGE LOVERS (75)/TEENAGE THROAT (75). Hardcore version of BEACH BLANKET BANGO/THE COMING OF SEYMOUR (76-aka- THE BOOB TUBE STRIKES AGAIN, aka THE FABULOUS FANNY)/CREME RINSE (76)/FANTASM (76)/SWINGERS MASSACRE (76)/DO YOU WANNA BE LOVED? (77)/FANTASM COMES AGAIN (77)/DISCO LADY (78). Bond also appeared in the following films (dates unknown): HEADS OF TAILS/HOT PISTOLS/THE LIKES OF LOUISE/BRUTE THERAPY/CHERI/CITY WOMAN/DEEP LOVE/DEVIL'S LITTLE ACRE/GOOD MORNING GLORY/SOUZY'S HOUSE.

THE BLOODY BUTCHERS!

MEN AND WOMEN... BLACK AND WHITE... TAKEN FROM DEATH ROW - CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND U.S.A., WHERE LIVING IS WORSE THAN DYING!



TERMINAL ISLAND

THE DAMMED VS. THE DOOMED

Written by JON GARNETT and CHARLES E. GARNETT
Directed by JON GARNETT
Produced by JON GARNETT
Presented by CHARLES E. GARNETT
Distributed by STUDIO 1
A METROPOLITAN PICTURES RELEASE 100-2

TONY ROME (67)/THE NEW PEOPLE (TV-reg 69-70)/THE BOLD ONES (TV-reg)/MARCUS WELBY (TV-reg)/THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG STOCKBROKER (71)/TRIANGLE (71)/BONNIE'S KIDS (72)/KEY WEST (TV-72)/THE CANDY SNATCHERS (73)/WICKED, WICKED (73)/THE CENTERFOLD GIRLS (74)/THE WILD PARTY (75)/KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS (77)/MAN FROM ATLANTIS: THE DEATH SCOUTS (TV-77)/THE VALS (82)/LOVE SCENES (84)/OPEN HOUSE (87).



in the surf,
in the sand and
in the sack!

in COLOR

Starring RENE BOND, TONY MAZZIOTTI, CINDY TAYLOR
RIC LUTZ, NICOLE RIDDELL

Written by PETE TURNER Directed by MORRIS DEAL

BO HOPKINS - The epochal Bo Hopkins flick has got to be THE WILD BUNCH. Even though it was a tiny part, as "Crazy Lee", he was unforgettable. Hopkins has made a long career out of playing endearingly vile villains in westerns and actioners. He could serve as the poster boy for redneck characters with a lynch-mob mentality. I remember seeing him in movies like WHITE LIGHTNING and THE KILLER ELITE and coming away impressed by his lanky charm. He has a casual cool about him. Without a doubt, one of the seventies greatest character actors. Hopkins' films include: THE BRIDGE AT REMAGEN (69)/THE WILD BUNCH (69)/THE THOUSAND PLANE RAID (69)/MACHO CALLAHAN (70)/MONTE WALSH (70)/THE CULPEPPER CATTLE COMPANY (72)/THE GETAWAY (72)/THE ONLY WAY HOME (72)/AMERICAN GRAFFITI (73)/THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING (73)/WHITE LIGHTNING (73)/DOC ELLIOT (TV-reg 74)/THE NICKEL RIDE (74)/THE DAY OF THE LOCUST (75)/THE KANSAS CITY MASSACRE (TV-75)/THE KILLER ELITE (75)/POSSE (75)/CHARLIES ANGELS (TV-76)/DAWN: PORTRAIT OF A TEENAGE RUNAWAY (TV-76)/A SMALL TOWN IN TEXAS (78)/TENTACLES (78)/MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (78)/THE ROCKFORD FILES (TV-reg 78-79)/THE INNOCENT AND THE DAMNED (TV-79)/THE LASTRIDE OF THE DALTON GANG (79)/THE FIFTH FLOOR (80)/RODEO GIRL (80)/DYNASTY (TV-reg 81)/MUTANT (82)/SWEET SIXTEEN (84)/WHAT COMES AROUND (85)/SMOKY MOUNTAIN CHRISTMAS (TV-86)/NIGHTMARE AT NOON (87)/BOUNTY HUNTER (88)/TRAPPER COUNTY WAR (88)/BIG BAD JOHN (89)/FINAL ALLIANCE (89)/CENTER OF THE WEB (89)/THE LEGEND OF WOLF MOUNTAIN (92)/THE BALLAD OF LITTLE JO (93)/INSIDE MONKEY ZETTERLAND (93).

ROGER E. MOSLEY - Although most people would know this big, burly actor from his television work (he was a regular on MAGNUM P.J. for ten years), Mosley got his start via memorable bits in some prime seventies Blaxploitation films like THE MACK and HIT MAN. He was also a stand-out in the low-budget classic TERMINAL ISLAND. Equally impressive at portraying mean-spirited henchmen or likable sidekicks, Mosley is a solid actor.
HIT MAN (72)/THE MACK (73)/SWEET JESUS, PREACHERMAN (73)/TERMINAL ISLAND (73)/MOQ (74)/DARKTOWN STRUTTERS (75-aka- GET DOWN AND BOOGIE)/LEADBELLY (76)/THE RIVER NIGER (76)/STAY HUNGRY (78)/THE GREATEST (77)/SEMI TOUGH (77)/KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS (TV-79)/THE JERICHO MILE (TV-79)/ROOTS: THE NEXT GENERATION (TV-79-81)/ATTICA (TV-80)/MAGNUM P.J. (TV-reg 80-90)/STEEL (80-aka- LICK DOWN AND DIE)/HEART CONDITION (80)/UNLAWFUL ENTRY (82).

TIFFANY BOLLING - Made her acting debut opposite Frank Sinatra in TONY ROME (67). Her first starring role came in Arthur Mack's obscure exploitation pic BONNIE'S KIDS (72). Bolling went on to star in a bunch of underrated genre films like THE CENTERFOLD GIRLS (74), KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS (77) and burned up the screen as the girnapping hoodlum of THE CANDY SNATCHERS (73). When not acting, she was a singer who released several albums during the 70's, and she also posed naked for a PLAYBOY pictorial (April 1972). Credits include:

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD!

Songs are for LOVING

Songs are for KILLING



the
Centerfold
Girls

74-159 General Public Rating on Release 100



With apologies to Dan Jenkins, most zine editors I know are godless drunks, sexually warped whoremongers, drug-soaked delinquents, egotistical and twisted. (Often all five if it's someone I really want to hang out with). That's why it is so baffling that some of the best writing being done today regarding film and culture is through fanzines. Underground publishing is filled with agony and sweat. Readers are urged to hunt down and sample as many zines as they can and make up their own minds as to what they find worthwhile.

DREADFUL PLEASURES ZINE POLICY: We're sluts. You show us yours, and we'll show you ours.

CINERAIDER - #1 (\$4.00) Formerly SKAM, this inaugural issue of Richard Akyama's new mag continues to mop up the competition in its coverage of the Asian film scene. Over 30 in-depth Hong Kong reviews (many recent releases) usher in the new look as well as an article covering contemporary HK erotic cinema (called Category III films). If films with titles like LADY SUPER COP, FLYING DAGGER, RAPED BY ANGEL, and THE BRIDE WITH WHITE HAIR arouse your curiosity, then grab this zine with both hands. Contact Richard at PO Box 240226, Honolulu, HI 96824.

THE MOUTH OF XIBALBA - #2 (\$1.00) Lots of strange ads, cartoons, newspaper clips, a chart on the effects of Marijuana and a weird essay on an archeological dig the editor went on in the rain forest of Belize. TMXO, 58A Onway Lake Road, Raymond, NH 03077.

MICHELLE MYSTIQUE - #1 (\$2.00) A mall-spilling fanzine obsessed with the celebrity skin of Scream Queen Michelle Bauer. This baby offers a look at her X-rated films, a filmography on the bondage epics she appeared in under different names like Kim Bittner and Pia Sands, and a compilation of some of the strobe books she posed for. Worth it for the photos. Michael Shulter, PO Box 8936, Cincinnati, OH 45208.

BRAIN RADIO - #25 (\$3.00 for 3 issues) Only 6 pages, but there's a funny, well-written piece where the editor rates every brand of diet soda out there. Reviews of some movies, comics and magazines round it out. Recommended. Pierce Askegren, PO Box 1334, Sterling, VA 20167

REDISCOVERIES NEWSLETTER - (Write for info). "A participatory journal dedicated to reader's favorite neglected books". An assortment of different writers each issue cover books they recommend. This is a good chance for DP readers to read something that doesn't come with a centerfold in the middle. Check it out. Mark Harris, 3712 N. Broadway #198, Chicago, IL 60653.

BETTY PAGINATED - #7 (\$2.00) Tons of pages devoted to porn and wrestling (sadly it's of the sweaty, He-man variety.). Articles on Traci Lords, Sharon Mitchell, Betty Page and why the editor hates American sit-coms. There's also a shitload of reviews, boner-building photos and the issue comes with a free WWF swapcard! Wow. Write to Dann Lennard, PO Box 63, Lyndup, SA, 5343, Australia.

BITS AND PIECES - #9 (\$3.50) Put out about once a year by the Horror and Fantasy Film Society of Baltimore (a group which gathers monthly to argue inane shit like which studio was better, Hammer or Universal), the latest issue of BAP is worth grabbing for the Blaze Starr interview as well as the filmography on X-rated horror pics. John Clayton, 10354 Windstream Dr, Columbra, MD 21044.

THEME '70 FANZINE - #3 (Write for info) "The only Blaxploitation-based mag in England", the latest offers career articles on such seventies staples as John Saxon, Max Julien and May Woronov. Filmos and reviews (SAVAGE SISTERS, THE BLACK SUX, etc.) highlight the issue. Biggest kick for me was the product ads for stuff like moustache wax and "Lilac Vegeta" After-Shave Lotion. Groovy. Mark Banville, 106 D Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, London SE 12 OHT England

HIGHBALL - #2 (7.95) This Kronos publication does an admirable job in recreating the style and tone of those tease/sleaze "Men's magazines" of the 50's and 60's. Miriam Lima contributes a piece on adult paperbacks, British sex cinema is covered, William Rotsler reminiscences about his career (and all the women he poked) and the mag comes with a "Sexi Flex" record by the Mono Men. The major drawback is the way too steep cover price Kronos, MPO Box 67, Oberlin OH 44074.

PSYCHOHOLICS UNANIMOUS - #11 (Free, but send her something you cheap fucks!) Here's a no-nfits newsletter that's addictive in it's wide-eyed approach to "All things Psychotronic". Joni Lee, 23355 Cherring Cross S.E. Grand Rapids, Mich 49546

IMAGI-MOVIES - #4 (\$5.50) Gee, just what we need. Another high-priced, glossy paged mainstream genre mag from those cutting edge folks at CINEFANTASTIQUE. First there was FEMME FATALES (a French word meaning "Bad actresses with big tits.") and now this ladder for the fireplace CFQ always hyped itself as the "imagine with a sense of wonder..", but the only "wonder" is why people buy it. Laughably, IMAGI-MOVIES was hailed as the mag that would cover all the neglected cinema that CFQ avoided. Yet here they are gushing over the likes of WDWL, THE MASK and THE LION KING. Editor Steve Bednowski (another geeky shut-in who needs to get out of his mother's basement more often) adopts the typical CFQ highbrow attitude, making you want to punch him in the face repeatedly. From CFQ's terminal STAR TREK issues to publishing the same issue with two different covers to sucker even more cash out of it's readership, it's no surprise that IMAGI-MOVIES is a major rip-off. Everything in it reads like a press release. Which is what the magazine is. Avoid it like you would a bleeding hemorrhoid.

BLACKEST HEART - #3 (write for price) At last, an excellent sleaze zine close to my own heart. BH takes no prisoners. Can you stomach the following? Castration. Decapitation. Disfigurement. Extermination. Mutilation. What in Tarnation? Then run, don't walk to your nearest post office and contact these spinner-starved mutants. You'll get reviews that are funnier than the O.J. Simpson trial. Short stories that are more vomitous than being forced to watch Rosanne Arnold use a kick-start vibrator and carbons so rancid, they'd make Henry Lee Lucas cringe. BLACKEST HEART is guaranteed to disgust and enlighten. If it's a 100 page assault on decency that will wake you up like an ice-water enema. Be afraid, be very afraid. Shawn Smith, 1275 Washington Ave., #360 San Leandro, CA 94577.

SHE - #5 (\$4.50) Isn't it a thrill to find someone as warped as you are? This Canadian zine concentrates on nothing but pistol-packing, breast-bouncing, naked fury. Stacked mighty with intelligent reviews, rare ad-mats, movie-star profiles and pin-ups. #5 is editor Cameron Scholtes' "All Asian Issue", a whopping 77 pages covering pics like LUNATIC FROG WOMEN, THE BIG BREAST TEAM, WIDOW WARRIORS and SHE SHOOTS STRAIGHT. Is SHE a must-have? Does Dolly Parton sleep on her back? Contact Cameron at 20 St. #1004, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, World M5T 2Y4.

Four crazed killers butchered his Wife, Son and Daughter. From his hospital deathbed he called upon the POWER OF

THE OCCULT for Revenge...

And he got it, he
REALLY got it!

The Powerhouse of
Suspense and
"Terror"
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MAGAZINE.

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AN OCCULT FILM
SO TERRIFYING
IT WILL NEVER BE
SHOWN ON TV!

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A GROUP PRESENTATION IN BLAZING COLOR

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DUE TO THE ABNORMAL SUBJECT MATTER OF THIS MOVIE
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Yesterday's
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Today's
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THE BRIDE FINALLY DIED... HER TORTURE ENDED.
FOR HIM, IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A BRUTAL,
SAVAGE TRAIL OF POSSESSED HORROR!

HE BECAME **THE OBSESSED ONE**

... playing the GAME OF
DEATH with the
DEVIL!

Starring MAIC PANDAY & TRACY PARRISH & SALLY SAVALAS
Directed by BARUCH AMICHAIHANAN — Written by BRIANNE PEARCE
Produced by RICHARD L. COOPER — Executive Producer

R

ICY DEATH ATTACK
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ALIEN
BRAINS!

COULD IT
HAPPEN?
AND
DECIDE
FOR
YOURSELF!

INVASION OF THE ANIMAL PEOPLE

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SEE THE HORROR PHENOMENON OF
THE HIGHEST AND RUTHLESS
ACTIVITIES OF THE FAST RUGGED
WEST!

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CHROME AND **HOT LEATHER**

JUNGLE
COMBAT SKILLS
vs CYCLE-GANG
SAVAGERY!



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HOT LEAD

IN
COLOR

... EVERY BULLET HE SHOT WAS FULL OF **HOT LEAD!**

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OF THIS FILM
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TO ADULTS